THE COMMONWEAL

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PUZZLED PROFESSORS

THE complete story of what was said during the recent discussion of collegiate religion at Princeton is not and probably never will be known. Enough was uttered, however, to prove that a "problem" exists and that educators do not agree as to how it ought to be handled. Between the frank modernism of President Little of Michigan and the demand for a religious "technique" put forward by Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, there is a vast world of conflicting and incoherent points of view. The spectator may, if he sees fit, behold in the proceedings only another typical performance by the protestant principle as the house divided against itself. He will be justified in so far as no great likelihood exists that university educators can place before the young people of today a religious program as acceptable as the conclusions of mathematics are acceptable. Catholic spiritual teaching alone professes to offer a faith as objective as the findings of any positive science and therefore binding upon all who are able to visualize truth. On the other hand it is undeniable either that there exists a widespread "incapacity" for religion, or that the loss of such truth as is contained in every form of Christian faith can never be, in any sense, a gain.

Our Princeton conference deserves great credit for having demonstrated how much interest is displayed by leading educators in the force of religion, and for suggesting that ways and means may be found for bringing that force to bear upon young lives destined to become, relatively at least, lives of example. When Dean Sperry declared that the average college man is as ready to lend a credulous ear to the remarks of his biology professor as his grandmother was to drink in the remarks of the minister, he was telling a truth that enshrined at the same time a commentary on the progress of our civilization as a whole. America began to live intellectually with a vast confidence in inner experience. The reason why the Puritan permitted so little outward "extravagant" activity was, of course, that he wanted nothing to interfere with the drama that was being staged inside. Here he joined hands with the mystics and quietists of all times; but gradually the house of the soul became so estranged from all else, so subjective, that consciousness of the outer world grew feeble, or at least became a thing apart from the entrancing universe within.

When the reaction came it was complete. An all-consuming eagerness for "facts" characterized the generations which grew out of the Civil War into the twentieth century. On the whole this eagerness was identified with science. The reason was not so much that the abstract investigations of mathematicians and

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other savants enthralled many people (we have in no sense been a nation of speculative scientists) as that the findings of the laboratory could be applied toward doing the "big things" that awaited accomplishment. Steam made possible the railroad, which in turn achieved the settlement of the plains. For the first time in history a mechanical contrivance had been a primary factor in empire building, and the spectacle gripped everybody. Mechanics have revolutionized social, economic and even domestic living—but it is a more important fact that they have altered the American way of looking at life. From Jonathan Edwards, who had a vision of God, we have gone to Thomas Edison, who entertained a vision of electric light, or Henry Ford, who calls machinery the "new messiah."

Since the young men and women of today are only tagging along after the procession which has been in motion throughout a whole generation, they are to be viewed as being not so much strange as in their proper places. They walk along the paths mapped out by their fathers in a manner so confiding and obedient that even their much-noted carelessnesses are altogether proper deductions. It is not they but their fathers who have turned the universities from humanistic studies to experimental research; who have showered all the plums upon business skill and left the minister of the Gospel to thrive on bread and water; who have resolved that the standard of man's excellence is his ability to amass more than his fellows; and who have expended their daring on business and their conventionality upon religion. Why wonder at President Hibben's statement that youth is "bored" with matters of faith and church-going? Why doubt that President Little's advocacy of a "new morality" is nothing more than a somewhat hasty catching up with the drift of events? We could have avoided these occasionally startling matters only at the expense of separating entirely from the impetus given by our past. No educator is able to get round his material as that is given him, or try to develop out of it something it does not in any manner contain. That is why we have been willing to crowd a half-dozen overcrowded professions—to encourage beyond all measure "bents of mind" which were only ambitions unkindled by respect for the approval of the world.

But to those who think, those who have in some measure the gift of communion with the infinite that extends out everywhere from the mind of man, it is apparent that not only is the time ripe for a new insistence upon inner values but that youth itself is demanding such insistence. The weary incompleteness of existence conducted "without God in the world" comes home to all of us at some time, but one feels it so much more intensively during youth, when an act of consecration is always on one's lips. It is somebody's business to fasten upon these moments of holy leisure, to preserve their essence, and with that to anoint the whole of life. In other words, we need the same aptitude for detecting the religious bent of a young man or woman as we have for recognizing a gift for scholarship or professional activity. How eagerly parents and educators surround a child who displays a bit of oratorical genius, or takes to mathematics naturally! And how little attention is given the child or the college freshman who, in the midst of the contemporary welter, overhears some faint, sweet whisper from the Heart of the World!

A new religious psychology, you will say, is needed. Perhaps, rather, the very thing which the Princeton conference has started, but furthered with more poetry and personality. It is a crying need among Catholics as well as among Protestants, this reëvaluation of the teaching of religion. So often we come to grips only with habit-forming processes in the individual. He is induced to go to church and the sacraments, to memorize a certain amount of catechetical literature, and to do the right thing. It is pointed out to him that a safe and well-traveled road will deliver him to happiness in the end, and preserve him from disaster meanwhile. But never once does he catch a glimpse, from however great a distance, of the awe and ecstasy which transformed Francis and Augustine and, through them, the whole world. Perhaps he does not deny the solidity of reasoning to a first cause, yet he goes through life blind to the beauty which Plato and Dante saw flaming above the ramparts of heaven. And it is small wonder that, in the midst of cares and the incessant bustle, the difficult habits are worn threadbare and the conventions are allowed to crack and crumble, until the soul is as hearthless as that of any man raised in unbelief, indifferent to that which within himself leaps constantly toward immortality, and forgetful of the community established by charity among all the children of men.

We have an abiding obligation to go after the lost sheep. And if from all the evidence available the rising generation be included, relatively speaking, in that category, our task must be to find them at moments when their hearts are touched by that splendid homesickness which is the sign of human glory. There is good reason for thinking that many obstacles once strewn between the Catholic Church and the surrounding world have been removed—prejudices which had their origin in the past, incorrectly understood history, and much else besides. Nevertheless one cannot believe that many in this country will turn to the Church until many also turn to Protestantism again. The key which has always unlocked the American (and of course the Anglo-Saxon) mind to religion is inner radiance, mystical experience. Were there no other reason, this would suffice to make one hope that a new interest in religious training will bear fruit. Undoubtedly much good-will is being brought to bear on the problem. One can only hope that it will meet with success, however conscious one must remain of the fact that the accumulated and official indifferences of seventy-five years are not airy trifles which can be brushed aside during an idle hour.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

VOX POPULI seldom speaks more plainly and effectively than it has recently on the subject of navy expansion. When the administration drew up the program which Secretary Wilbur defended very ably in an address to the citizens of Indianapolis, it was evidently guided by three considerations which looked like facts. There was obvious room for improvement in so far as naval equipment was concerned, particularly in submarines and aircraft carriers. The Panama Canal had been accepted as the strategic point in United States defense tactics and also as the target that everybody would shoot at if shooting suddenly became popular. Finally, the failure of the Geneva conference appeared to establish the rightness of those who believed that further disarmament on the seas would not be approved of in unison by the most important sea powers. All this neat reasoning came to grips, however, with a strong current of feeling against preparing for war. Spokesmen for this sentiment, preëminently Dr. William I. Hull, confessed to knowing very little about navies, but felt absolutely certain that competition between Germany and Great Britain in building ships had led to war. Might not the same practice lead to the same outcome in the present instance? So strong were the emotions aroused and so undeniable was the evidence of deep moral conviction that peace was not the goal of the administration program, that Mr. Coolidge perforce refrained from pressing his case. This was, no doubt, easier to do by reason of the varied fiery utterances made by militaristic Americans in sundry corners of the earth.

A NEW bill, calling for an expenditure of about one-third the sum originally proposed was introduced in the House by the chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee. Even this seemed menacing to the Federal Council of Churches, whose delegation pointed out the inconsistency underlying Mr. Kellogg's peace notes on the one hand and Mr. Coolidge's warm advocacy of more guns on the other. The language employed was courteous, dignified and to a large extent truly representative of American opinion. The delegation was "averse to the purely negative procedures of seeking national security through ever-increasing naval and military armaments." It professed to stand with the President in believing that "our country has definitely relinquished the old standards of dealing with other countries by terror and force, and is definitely committed to the new standard of dealing with them through friendship and understanding." The reply of Mr. Coolidge was, however, likewise dignified, courteous and representative. He avowed his inability to see how the present bill, which calls for nothing more than replacements and additions necessary to a well-equipped navy, could strike anybody as being an invitation to run a race. On this platform the government is likely to stand, and we do not believe that pressure can decrease the appropriation to any marked extent. The entire incident remains singularly interesting, as the first genuine offensive engineered by those who are coming, with increasing urgency, to insist upon constructive work in behalf of peace.

WHATEVER people may think of the stand taken by the editor of The Commonweal in what may be termed the "Atlantic adventure in Catholic anonymity," no one is likely to doubt that it is a genuine, utterly honest profession of faith. The result of one individual layman's experience and inquiry is there shown to be complete confidence in the Church as the society in which one world flings its sacred shadow upon the other. We believe it significant that such an apologia can now be voiced without what may be termed fear of the consequences. How many journalists of a generation ago, barring those who labored for exclusively Catholic interests, would have ventured to place themselves so squarely on record? How many would have felt they could do so without jeopardizing their position in the world at large? Here may be discerned, we believe, one notable advance registered during the past few years. It is worth observing that in France, which is nominally, at least, a Catholic country, laymen often conceal as much of their devotion to the Church as is possible until they have reached a position of safe eminence. In the United States one feels that no man, however young and uninfluential he may be, need (unless he has the misfortune to live in one or the other of a few benighted districts) keep his religious convictions under cover, provided he is decently ready to respect the beliefs of others and to abide by the law of charity.

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THE struggle in Mexico continues without marked change. A number of raids upon institutions and private dwellings, wherein the law was being violated at least technically, demonstrate anew that if the Calles government is nothing else, it is a stickler for its own code of legislation. For this very reason it has become so essential that there be no settlement until Catholics have succeeded in getting laws of an equitable and non-tyrannical character. Many people in the United States still entertain the delusion that "all would be well" if the Church accepted the law. But how could any group accept, without committing suicide, a body of legislation which justified raids, prevented all activity and attached penalties to such acts as merely appearing in public? A number of other erroneous impressions have recently been challenged by Bishop Pascual Diaz. Speaking as the leader of the Mexican hierarchy, he denied a report given out by the chief of the Calles sleuths to the effect that the Bishop of San Luis Potosi had become the organizer of a revolutionary movement, and declared that there was no evidence to show that the Archbishop of Guadalajara was leading an armed rebellion. In the last case it needs to be added that during recent months communication with the Archbishop has been cut off. If less attention were given to sensational reports emanating from the police authorities in Mexico City and more to the Church's plea for a crusade of prayer and investigation, the terrible ordeal which has been going on for so long a time just outside of our own national borders would of necessity cease.

KIWANIS members from Montreal, Toronto, Cornwall and Ottawa joined last week to give a luncheon at the Chateau Laurier in the Canadian capital to the Honorable Charles Murphy, member of several dominion cabinets, a great lover of his country and a leader in every public expression of tolerance and true liberalism intended to knit more closely the various sections of a progressive nation. To these friends from two provinces Mr. Murphy gave an informal but most interesting talk on Half a Century of Parliament. It was a revelation of fifty years of wide friendships, of growth in understanding, of respect given to those of opposite views on some subjects, and of affection won in return. It is typical of the speaker at the luncheon that he should have been able to report that one of those with whom he had been most intimate during his long public life was Sir John Thompson, the last Catholic to fill the office of Premier, while another was Sir Mackenzie Bowell, one-time Orange Grand Master, then Minister of Customs, later Senator, and finally Prime Minister of Canada, whom he described as "an able and honest administrator, a faithful servant of the people and an honorable and straightforward gentleman." There are few Canadians, irrespective of racial strain, of religious affiliation or of political following who would not agree that this fits the Honorable Charles Murphy.

THAT the work for Negroes which has been carried on quietly but courageously by the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, at Ridge, Maryland, should have expanded into a nation-wide movement for the benefit of the colored race, irrespective of religious affiliation, is a source of great satisfaction to The Commonweal. In some sense we feel that we have shared in the struggles of those who have upheld the hands of Archbishop Curley in a noble endeavor; now we rejoice with them that the fruition of all for which they have labored is in sight. At the annual meeting of the Institute, with Rear-Admiral W. S. Benson presiding, an advisory committee of prominent Catholic laymen was named, which, with auxiliary committees in all the principal cities of the country, will provide means for the support of the work now being done at Ridge and for its enlargement along lines which actual experience has shown will be most beneficial to the Negro race and most helpful to the nation. The vision which has inspired those who have worked for the Cardinal Gibbons Institute since the cornerstone of the first building was laid, was well expressed by one of the foremost friends of the colored people who addressed the new advisory committee after having first paid a visit to Ridge: "One of every ten Americans today is a Negro," said Mr. George Foster Peabody. "By our success in aiding and coöperating with this element of the population will our democracy finally be tested. No greater work for American society today can be conceived than the upbuilding of the Negro race, which is contributing, in its turn, so fruitfully to American culture through its genius for music."

DEAN WILLARD L. SPERRY, of Harvard University Divinity School, in an address at Princeton, before the All-Eastern Conference of Religion in Colleges, is reported by the New York Herald Tribune to have said: "The only true religious spirit to be discerned among large bodies of undergraduates today is in the football stadium. One of the deepest spiritual experiences I ever had was one Saturday afternoon a few years ago in the Harvard Stadium. It is just that spirit which transforms football from a form of athletics to a religion, which our universities must diffuse through wider channels." The surprise about this paragraph is to have it come from the Dean of the Divinity spirit which transforms football from a form of athuniversity sources, it would seem only one of the paradoxical announcements that the modern professorial seeker after notoriety is so often prone to indulge in. We venture for the sake of the light that it may serve to throw on this question of religion and athletics, or at least another form of physical exercise besides football, to place alongside of Dean Sperry's paragraph the story of an incident of nearly one hundred years ago.

WHEN Fanny Elssler, the famous Viennese dancer who probably did more to break down the old Puritan intolerance as regards dancing, especially in New En-

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gland, than any other single factor, came to this country, she created a great furore. This was particularly the case in New England. The literature of the time bears ample testimony to the profound effect she had on Puritanic minds. According to an apparently well-authenticated story, among the spectators at one of her exhibitions, were Margaret Fuller and Ralph Waldo Emerson. As might have been expected, they were both deeply impressed by the poetry of motion so charmingly exemplified in Miss Elssler's dancing. They had never before seen anything like it. One might say that they had neither of them ever had the slightest idea that so much of beauty might be expressed, or at least suggested, by rhythmic movements of the human body. Deeply touched by the performance, charmed almost beyond words, Margaret turned to her companion and said: "Waldo, this is poetry!" And Emerson in reply, with tears in his eyes, turned to answer: "Margaret, this is religion!" But then the question under such circumstances is always, of course: "What is religion?"

SINCE our discovery that we possess in New York's genial executive an emissary and general cut-up quite as effective as Edward of Wales, and of native worth besides, references to the British heir-apparent in metropolitan newspapers seem to have been growing scantier. With all the more pleasure then do we greet the appearance of England's first young man as leader in a crusade against what our press, mindful of the contemporary frontier complex, loves to term the "boiled shirt." What man whose hair is even thinning does not recall some of the "untold misery" which the royal speaker mentioned in the course of his address? The rigid perversity of the frontal design, against which even a thirty-nine chest rebelled, the buttonholes craftily sealed by starch through which studs had somehow to be thrust from behind and by the use of an atrophied sense of touch, the fingerprints therefrom resulting, quite sufficient to identify any victim if, as always seemed imminent, apoplexy overtook him, the same panicky feeling of isolation from the world without when the rite was completed which makes the diver's a grim calling! Conservatives, we note with disgust, are still featuring the boiled—the hard-boiled—shirt. If as a symbol of their convictions, the choice is a bad one. Anything less safe and less sane it would be hard to imagine.

ONE would scarcely look for echoes of Walter Pater in the organ of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, yet words from a review by the most fastidious of critics are recalled by a recent editorial in Advance, headed Wanted: The Religion of Youth. After pointing out that the organization of labor along tight business lines will not in itself assure constant growth, the writer says: "We need organization with a living soul. . . . What the labor movement needs is the finer side of what has been known throughout the ages as religion. The labor movement needs this finer side of religion, its enthusiasms and inspirations . . . ." He confesses that the lack of spirit that characterizes the prevailing organizations of the adult workers is an unsurmountable obstacle in the way of all organization, whether of the adult or of the young. There is a cry here that has been seeking expression from the days when enthusiasm and willingness to sacrifice launched the labor movement. It is a very human cry for the finer things. It is the cry which Walter Pater heard and promptly recognized when he spoke of "the religious, the Catholic ideal . . . the only mode of poetry realizable by the poor."

EVERY lover of books will respond gladly to the appeal which has been made by the American Merchant Marine Library Association for books to be sent to seamen and especially to those secluded on lighthouses held far from home on ice patrol and engaged in the hazardous work of the coast guard at lonely points. This work has grown steadily in recent years, until now some 300,000 volumes are distributed by the Association every twelve months. The educational value of the undertaking, as well as its contribution to the entertainment of those leading lives of hardship and isolation, brings many letters of warm appreciation from those who are being served. This year Mayor Walker presented the first book of the new annual collection to Mrs. Samuel Adams Clark from the steps of the city hall. Many functions have been held in front of the Mayor's office in the past twelve months, but none which should more definitely show the Mayor as the representative of all the citizens of New York than this gesture on behalf of a cause in which he has displayed special interest by accepting the honorary chairmanship of the New York committee. Donations of books may be made through any branch of the public library, or the volumes may be sent directly to the headquarters of the Association at 67 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

DETECTIVE stories having been exceedingly popular of late, many persons are beginning to wonder why. One answer is suggested by a report received by the National Crime Commission from one of its investigating committees. The writer of detective fiction meets with no competition from real life. Modern America, we are assured by the report, bristles with crime but the absence of Sherlock Holmeses is complete. The hold-up, together with its attendant arts, "would appear to be about the safest business in which one could engage." In some cities and hamlets the police offer so little interference as to deserve comparison with those vegetarian cats so much admired by the mice in a charming fable. "As arrests are made in only 3 percent of the cases, the number of those finally convicted is so small that the luckless individual who is occasionally caught and convicted must attribute his misfortune to an 'act of God,' as he would in the

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case of a disastrous storm, shipwreck or earthquake." For the comfort of us all, it needs to be said that the statistics upon which the report is based are not altogether up to date. Public interest in the problem has brought about a considerable amount of improvement. That plenty of room for more exists is a platitude, emphasized recently by the dangers to which various eminent Chicagoans have been exposed. It may be learned, however, that the bomb-throwers and gangmen who have been so active of late are not really criminals but emissaries of King George.

INA COOLBRITH lived to the ripe age of eighty-five. It was time enough to witness America growing conscious of itself—conscious, in the first instance, of the fullness of its riches and territorial diversity, in the second instance, of its cultural complexities and inheritances. This drift toward analysis was something which never interested her intimately. The generation to which she belonged was concerned rather with mere living, or at least with those unbounded aspirations toward living which the Germans describe so well as Sehnsucht. Having made the trip to California from the East as a child, she could never feel at home anywhere else except in the country of the Golden Gate, probably because that is never really home but always a suggestion of one that shall be. This profound attachment to scenes which remain constantly little more than fringes of a magnificent dream is what her poetry—best known in two collections, A Perfect Day and Other Poems, and Songs from the Golden Gate—most often expresses. In the opening lines of one of her best lyrics is this evocation of desire:

> . . . . "Ah, to lie
> By the cool waters, breathing
> The air that lifts the palm-fronds,
> Hear my garden nightingale
> Sing to his roses."

This note is America's nearest approach to romantic ecstasy, just as Miss Coolbrith herself, during later years, was a living symbol of a great though remote struggle for beauty and understanding.

DIPPING INTO THINGS

ONE'S first thought upon looking into Research in the Humanistic and Social Sciences, a report prepared by Dr. Frederic Austin Ogg, is stunned amazement at the fact that there are so many learned societies. The names of dozens of them clamor for recognition; and occasionally a something or other about them urges you to gratify the social instinct and join up. Keats after looking into Chapman's Homer beheld no more "wide expanse" than is unfolded to the view here. Knowing that there are such institutions as the Albert Russell Erskine Bureau for Street Traffic Research (which, it is comforting to observe, gives special attention to "pedestrian protection") and the Actuarial Society of America (the object of which, we are assured, "is the promotion of actuarial science") one feels like going to sleep in the happy consciousness that the country is being properly taken care of. But as you read here and there in the volume, Dr. Ogg is more than likely to dynamite this peace of mind for you with critical explosives of diverse kinds.

An early paragraph outlines the significance of the whole business of research so aptly and succinctly that one offers it gladly for meditation: "If someone were to attempt a catalogue and evaluation of the contributions to human knowledge made by the scholars of America, even in a single field, the results would be exceedingly interesting. They would not be impressive enough to please those of our fellow-citizens who think of this country as the centre and source of all that is worth while in the world; nor would they stir feelings of unmixed pride among people of more balanced views. We have not been a nation of scholars, and our forte has been the application of scientific facts and principles to industry rather than the discovery of the facts and principles themselves. We have outstripped all other nations in applied science; in pure science we have lagged. Withal, however, we have borne some considerable share in the great adventure into the unknown. And in these days of European impoverishment we are naturally, and properly, looked to for liberally increased encouragement of creative intellectual work."

So far so good. The number and flourishing condition of institutions designed to further the business of electricity, chemistry and engineering in practical forms is a tribute to our widespread interest in these things and a sign of the dependence of our civilization upon them. But the other side of the story is bleak and dark. "The meagreness of first-rate American contributions to philosophy, philology, political science and even history and economics—although the showing is somewhat better in these two fields—plainly reveals the immaturity of our culture. Plenty of research work, of a kind, is all the time in progress. Quantitatively, there is little ground for complaint. But a considerable proportion of the studies undertaken are ill-planned, crudely executed and barren of significant result." To this one might add the circumstance that our efforts in literary and humanistic study are generally far too frequently colored by science. The kind of biography introduced by Miss Amy Lowell, for instance, implies a reduction of life to terms of pure statistics—a method which may have some value, but which has lost the supreme treasure of concern with life.

Into the detailed exposition of this situation and its causes we shall not go, contenting ourselves with recommending to all who are interested in the matter Dr. Ogg's volume, which is published by the Century Company. He concedes, with what seems to us reasonable optimism, that men of valor and industry are exploring the "unknown" on a basis of their own time,

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energy and money. This circumstance may console one who notes that the Catholic University of America, hypothetically considered the only Catholic research institution in the country, is described as follows: "No information could be obtained from this institution. It is understood that there is no noteworthy provision for research." There are courageous individuals, priests and sisters among them, who are carrying on slowly and quietly as leisure hours permit. Some day the strange phenomenon of their isolation and lack of support may be observed by some philanthropic person. It is to the interest of all Catholics, whether scientific-minded or otherwise, to pray that this day may come soon.

Why is it, one wonders, that nobody has ever thought of endowing a foundation for facilitating research by Catholics? Here we are, living in a world which is modified every day by new discoveries and theories, without even an elementary apparatus with the help of which students inside the Church could, at least, tag on after others. If Columbus reappeared today and dreamed of striking out for some new India, the queen to whom he would turn for assistance would not be "Isabella the Catholic" but probably something like the Rand School of Social Science. In all seriousness one feels that perhaps the major effect of Dr. Ogg's book ought to be, indeed must be, to arouse among Catholics an appreciation of exploration as the twentieth century conceives of it, a desire to participate, and a willingness (on the part of those who have become just stewards of great fortunes) to supply the means—means without which the great Genoan himself would have been chained his whole life long to terra firma and left to die without ever having discovered the end of his rainbow.

IS MR. SMITH DANGEROUS?

THE New York Herald Tribune has interested a great many people in an editorial which appeared in the New World, official organ of the Archdiocese of Chicago, on January 27. In many respects the document is worthy of even more attention than it has received. After saying that there are "intelligent, courageous" Catholics who are anxious not to stir up bigotry at the present time, the editor in question averred that "the impending nomination of a Catholic for the Presidency" would supply enemies of the Church with an incentive to rant. It is not, to his mind, so much a question of disturbing fairly agreeable relationships with "Protestant friends and neighbors," as of Catholic unwillingness to "stir up political history, not so ancient, for which one has every reason to blush." Then follows an honest and altogether commendable critique of "those shameless grafters, those sordid barterers of honesty and decency, who bore Catholic names, and whose sins were charged up to a church with which they had slight sympathy and less relationship." It is absolutely true that men of this stamp—some of whom we were even asked, upon occasion, to admire and applaud—have done the cause of bigotry in this country more service than all the A. P. A. and Klan orations have achieved from time immemorial.

It is difficult to see, however, how all this sordid reality can be anything more than a reason for hoping that Governor Smith becomes the nominee of his party and draws nation-wide scrutiny toward his record. The Church, of course, would not be greatly served by the fact that one of its members attained to the Presidency. A succession of Catholics in the White House could convince nobody of the validity of the Petrine claims. The most one could expect is that if all were radiant with virtue and urbanity, the good example given would win respect and sympathy. Well, there is no immediate danger of half a dozen Catholic Presidents. But one does think that the exemplary character and service of Mr. Smith might, if adequately set forth before the people of this country, counteract in large measure the evil influence of "grafters and barterers." Enemies of Catholicism do not wish, as is eminently natural, to see the demons of darkness give way to an angel of light; but we have the utmost difficulty in understanding why some Catholics themselves are getting panicky at the prospect of such a change for the better as the possibility of Governor Smith's candidacy may be taken to imply.

For the real significance of Governor Smith's prominence lies not at all in any imaginary service he may render the Church. It lies rather in the circumstance that he is preparing the way for more complete and enthusiastic work by Catholics for the nation. Our constitution laid down principles of religious freedom and of every citizen's right to aspire to the Presidency. Yet here we are, more than one hundred and fifty years after the signing of the Declaration (to which one Catholic affixed his signature) running amuck over the chance that a man whom New York respects as the greatest governor it ever knew, whom citizens of every class and type admire for integrity and intelligence, and to whom the regeneration of Tammany Hall is in great measure due, may become a "Catholic" President! Who has a right to expect Americanization of an immigrant people if we persist in setting before them so flagrant a case of anti-constitutionalism and anti-tolerance?

It is because we desire so strongly a freer and more devoted participation by Catholics generally in the national life that we have welcomed so heartily the coming forward of "Al" Smith. Let his fearlessness ignite a general Catholic fearlessness. But beyond that let us examine his credentials frankly, and honestly make up our minds as to whether the party to which he belongs is pledged to the preferable form of government. All this is the genuine American style of action. The rest is weakness, catering to ignorance and stubborn prejudice, cowardice before the only devils who have it in their power to destroy the republic.

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PAN-AMERICA AND PEACE

By MAX JORDAN

(The Havana Conference as it looked to a European citizen resident in the United States is the topic of the following important paper. Dr. Max Jordan, who entered journalism armed with a Jena doctorate, is American correspondent for the Berliner Tageblatt and other German newspapers. Prior to attending the Conference which he here describes from first-hand knowledge, Dr. Jordan traveled throughout South America and familiarized himself with conditions there.—The Editors.)

IT WAS the same with all of us, bystanders, spectators and unofficial observers: we were looking for a fight. We thought that the Havana Conference would offer a unique opportunity, long sought by the Latin-American people, to corner the bull. But it happened, as in many of the Spanish corridas, that the bull was not tempted by all the gallantry of the matadores and behaved as meekly as though there weren't any fight, as though this were a conference for peace.

Some of the newspaper correspondents left Havana after barely a week's stay. They had been looking for sensations too, for stirring events, and they felt disappointed when they realized that there would be no crisis, no flare-up and no real battle in the open. In the front row of the magnificent Aula Magna of the University of Havana, facing the coat of arms of the twenty-one American republics, sat Mr. Hughes, the chief delegate from the United States, an imposing figure, all smiling good-will, in an attitude of softening diplomacy; and in the committee room, when all were getting ready to tackle with dry, theoretical facts, compliments were exchanged across the table, melodious suavities meant for conciliation and compromise.

Now it is all over, and the post mortem of the Sixth International Conference of American States can be written. Just because this Conference fell short of the expectations of many, it merits a careful analysis. Bismarck used to say that politics is the art of doing things that are possible. Considered under such aspects, the Conference has done remarkably well. When President Coolidge had delivered his inaugural speech before a packed audience in the National Theatre, the under-cover reaction was not favorable. Latin-American public opinion had hoped for some fundamental declaration of policy which might have affected future application of the Monroe Doctrine. But this was just the thing that should not have been expected. It was the avowed purpose of the American delegation to avoid dealing with political subjects, and it would have been fantastic to reckon with the possibility of this assembly of delegates of sovereign states passing judgment upon one another's policies. The United States could never have admitted to be put in the position of defendant before such a tribunal, which necessarily had to be prejudiced.

Under the given circumstances the Havana Conference could have no higher aim than to reach agreement on some of the technical issues arising out of the commercial interchange between the nations of the western hemisphere. Sanitation projects, problems of communication, trade marks, consular fees and the like were altogether fit subjects for an unbiased discussion. This having been the rule for the past, the five previous conferences did not interfere with high diplomacy and its encroachments on the field of international law. This time, however, the Havana meeting seemed to offer an opportunity for raising grievances of a mere political nature, and a ready-made slogan offered itself for a convenient classification: "Latin America versus the United States."

During the very first days of the Conference it became apparent that such a classification was more of an arbitrary petition of principle than the result of observations on the spot. Quite different were the conceptions of the much-discussed issue of arbitration, when considered by Mexico or by Chile. And more intense was the coöperation between the Brazilian and the "Yanki" delegations than between, say, Salvadorians and Porto Ricans. It was by no means a clear-cut proposition of twenty Central and South American republics facing in united front the "big brother" of the North, but much more naturally a very diversified gathering with just as great a variety of purpose and interests as any meeting of the Geneva league may be. Latin America is not yet a unity, and it was therefore quite obvious that the principle of "divide et impera" could be applied by the American delegation whenever a controversional subject had to be faced.

The United States could count, in Havana, even before the opening of the Conference, on three actual and at least one potential friend. Brazil has always occupied a peculiar position in South America. With Portuguese as its language and a monarchical tradition in its history, it never could accept the common standards of the Spanish-speaking and, from their very origin, republican neighbors. Brazilians are in a way isolated on their continent, and being conscious of it makes them feel akin to the United States in many respects. Peru, still partly aslumber in the depths of the Spanish dominion dreams, counts strongly on American financial help for the development of its tremendous natural resources, and hopes for American assistance in the settlement of the Tacna-Arica dispute. Hence the decided willingness of the Peruvian delegate to side with the United States in all matters not of their immediate concern. Cuba finally, this most Americanized of the Caribbean countries, feels itself bound to Uncle Sam by ties of vital commercial interest which are strong enough to preclude any senti-

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mental considerations. These three were the friends of the United States, and their delegations acted in almost complete accord with the Americans. But even more valuable, from the American viewpoint, was the tacit understanding with Chile, whose delegates had made up their minds that Bismarck's principle of not attempting the impossible was, after all, safe and sound. They kept purposely in the background whenever the firebrands of the Conference, Argentina, Mexico and Salvador, tried to create an alignment of outspoken hostility to the United States.

It is indisputable that this Conference has set a precedent for Pan-American gatherings by putting political issues in the forefront. "L'appétit vient en mangeant," say the French. And the saying, no doubt, applies just as well to Latin Americans. In forthcoming meetings of this kind the temptation will be even greater than in Havana to discuss the very problems which the United States has an interest in seeing eliminated from the agenda. But it is no less certain that there will never be any good coming out of these academic disputations. Today, conditions are such that the predominance of the United States in the western hemisphere is the de facto situation which cannot be questioned through sentimental objections. A historical fate, far beyond the control of any government and of any public opinion, has made for an American "imperialism" in the Caribbean, just as the growth of the Roman empire led to its Mediterranean policy of distinctly expansionistic character. No matter what resolutions any Pan-American conference might adopt, the United States is bound to maintain its position of master of the Panama Canal, not only for national safety, but even more out of a consciousness of its responsibilities as a world power.

When Mr. Hughes had finished his masterful speech on the last day before the closing session of the Conference, one Latin-American delegate remarked: "He has frightened us, but not convinced." In a nut-shell, this was the result of the political arguments. Still, it was to the interest of some of the Latin-American delegations to force a discussion on the issue of intervention, if only for the sake of an open debate which would carry with itself a certain moral prestige for the one who showed courage enough to enter it. In Argentina's case, though, it can hardly be doubted that Ambassador Pueyrredon was mainly acting for home consumption, in view of his personal interest in the presidential election campaign just now in full swing in his country.

Neither international custom barriers nor the protection of alien rights and properties can be submitted to arbitration. To propose, as has been done in a resolution adopted by the Conference, a compulsory arbitration code for the whole of the western hemisphere is nothing but easy bait for the dilettante internationalists who overlook in their pacifistic enthusiasm the complexities of diplomatic dealings. Juridical disputes will always be excluded from arbitration proceedings and left to immediate negotiations between the governments concerned. Tariffs belong to this very class. In spite of this, some of the Latin Americans were not convinced. So the straightforward and uncompromising statement of the American position, as enunciated by Mr. Hughes, was a necessity of the hour. As far as the Caribbean sphere of influence is concerned, there can be no compromise for the Washington government. It is a matter of life and death indeed, whether the "heel of Achilles" of the whole defensive system of the United States—as the Panama Canal might justly be called—shall be exposed to outside influences, be it even to a conference of Pan-American jurists. But beyond the Canal the situation assumes, from the Washington point of view, quite a different aspect. South America will never be a zone of military and strategical influence for the United States, but will preëminently remain one for commercial and general economic expansion.

Although the sceptic may not see the line so sharply drawn, the intricacy of circumstances involved in the relations between the two continents makes such a distinction useful. Situations have always arisen and may arise again for any great nation, where the exercise of an international police power, as stated by President Roosevelt in his corollary to the Monroe Doctrine in 1904, becomes unavoidable. Precedents to justify such a course have never been lacking, and no solution of the present difficulties is offered by shouting against a legendary "dollar diplomacy."

Out of the Latin-American perspective, the picture appears in many and fundamental ways different, and naturally so. To practically all the South American powers the Monroe Doctrine has long been an obsolete burden. While it is to be recognized that the Doctrine is still essential in dealing with the Caribbean countries—the more so as conflicts similar to the one between the United States and Mexico may arise in the near future in other territories now under development—South Americans consider its general application to the whole western hemisphere as a mere pretext of the Washington government to reserve its right of interference or intervention in face of European competition. To the impartial observer, the animosity of a large part of Latin-American public opinion against the United States is primarily sentimental. It is obviously based on the consciousness of racial differences, which permeates the minds of the people to a much stronger degree than considerations of business interest. It is hard to believe that there will ever be a bond of natural sympathy and reciprocal understanding between the masses of the two continents. In the public mind there has never been and never will be a real Pan-Americanism. This is just as true of the North American as of the Latin-American people. The differences of climate have almost as much to do with the gap as political prejudices and the apathy of the general run of people.

The Panamanian delegate to the League of Na-

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tions, Dr. Eusebio Morales, presented a clear picture of things when he said, in a speech in Geneva last fall, that the plan of an American League of Nations was based on "the erroneous idea that there is a single representative spirit of America and that all the nations of the new world are linked by common interests which are stronger and more numerous than those that bind them to European countries." As a matter of fact, it has never been possible so far to reach an agreement as to the real meaning of Pan-Americanism. The United States has never sponsored the idea of a close political association among the American governments and always insisted upon the technical character of the Pan-American Union, thereby limiting its functions to the furtherance of commercial interchange and economic progress. Such limitation was in distinct contrast to the aspirations of several of the larger Latin-American countries, particularly of Argentina, but also of Chile, Uruguay and others, who were seeking a political confederation as originally proposed by the great South American liberator, Simon Bolivar.

But was not, then, the Havana Conference, from the American viewpoint, a Pyrrhic victory? Will there be an echo for all the good-will expressed in the speeches of President Coolidge and the American delegates? No uniform answer is possible. Certainly the fundamental outlook with respect to the relations between the two continents has not changed. A large body of South American opinion will continue to look with distrust upon the American activities in Central American territory. A radical minority, as represented by the "Anti-Imperialistic League," will even oppose further expansion of American commercial influence over South America. But all this will not delay or hamper to any appreciable degree the logical development. The United States cannot afford to tolerate inner disturbances in the Central American countries, if it wants to maintain its responsibilities under the Monroe Doctrine. Obviously any European government would seize the opportunity of stepping in, whenever life and properties of foreigners are in danger. The passionate critics of the Latin-American policy of the United States lose sight of the fact that its motives are not a question of liking or disliking to the Washington administration. Nolens volens, the United States had to assume the rôle of policeman in the Caribbean sphere.

But Mr. Hughes has also emphasized in Havana, and never was he more sincere, that the United States would not hesitate to withdraw from Nicaragua, Haiti and Santo Domingo, as soon as good order and normalcy were guaranteed. In Nicaragua the test may come after the elections which are soon to be held under American supervision. The American intervention there was primarily motivated by the necessity to check off Mexican influence. But Mexico's financial plight has since brought about a change in the situation, effectively utilized by Mr. Morrow with Lindbergh's and Will Rogers's help, and the outlook just now is not unfavorable for a speedy return to relatively normal conditions.

In South America the position of the United States is in the main dependent upon its capital investments. The need of a continuous influx of new capital will for years to come be the predominant factor of the South American attitude, although it must be admitted that the psychological status of Latin-American opinion will never be affected by mere financial considerations. No unbiased observer would ever maintain that the United States is out for conquest in the southern continent. But trade competition with Europe over the South American markets is so strong that any new capital investment, any protracted stay of a military or commercial mission from the United States in any South American country, is bound to arouse suspicions and misapprehensions. One must not forget, however, that economic penetration is mostly an unconscious process. One used to say, before the Locarno agreements had been concluded, that no good German likes the French, but that no good German refuses French wines! It is about the same with Latin Americans and North American goods. Be it farm machinery, typewriters, cinematographic reels or soda fountains—Latin-American human nature does not react differently from any in the world, and the label "made in U. S. A." is no deterrent.

It would be a futile undertaking to look far into the future in considering the results of the Havana Conference. Seen from Washington, the present modus vivendi is quite acceptable, even if it is not coupled with spontaneous mutual sympathies, because more immediate and urgent problems of American foreign policy have to be faced in the Pacific. All that is wanted from Latin America seems to be a neutral status with a fair chance of carrying on trade, checking off the renewed inroad of European competitors. With the economic strengthening of the Latin-American countries and their inner consolidation, conditions will naturally change, presenting quite a different aspect in ten or twenty years from now. But such considerations do not, for the present, lie within the realm of Realpolitik. It is impossible to foresee whether a stronger feeling of community of interests will eventually develop throughout South America, and impossible also to calculate the course of Latin-American destinies in the face of world-wide events.

Most amazing to the European observer is the general lack of interest which one encounters in the United States toward Latin-American problems. This, compared with the strong interest shown by European countries to the "Latin sister nations," may some day prove to be a serious deciding factor. In Geneva the Latin-American nations have found for years what was not accorded to them in Havana. There a platform was offered to them on the basis of absolute equality. Their prestige was enhanced by their participation in the work of the League of Nations, and opportunities were given them to coöperate with great

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nations of the old world. No similar chance is likely in any Pan-American organization as long as the United States maintains its position of overwhelming power and strength in this hemisphere.

This is not said in the way of criticism against the Washington policy. Factors beyond the control of any American government have brought about the present state of affairs. The practical question is, whether the Canal of Panama or the Geneva league is the better bridge to cross for the United States in order to captivate Latin-American sympathies. European criticism of the Havana proceedings has been strongly resented in Washington, and justly so, in so far as such criticism was prompted by jealousy and not based on an actual knowledge of the American motives. But it cannot be denied that a friendly attitude of Europe toward the United States would in turn favorably affect the sentiments of Latin America for the northern colossus. "Pan-Americanism cannot be based exclusively on accidental relations of a geographical order," said the President of Argentina on a recent occasion. And it seems that it would be to the profit of the United States, if this warning were heeded. Too many ties link Latin America with Europe ever to make popular any scheme of isolation with the republics which are descendants of Portugal and Spain. Pan-Americanism as an ideal appears too artificial a construction to be of practical value for the promotion of peace. It is a shorter trip from New York to Europe than from the chief ports of the Atlantic seaboard of South America to New York, and Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay and Brazil are nearer to Europe than to the United States.

For a thorough comprehension of the world, Anglo-Saxon and Latin culture must be viewed as complementary to each other, but the dividing line cannot be blotted out. The peace of this hemisphere hardly can stand on such weak pillars as self-contentment and seclusion. Its foundations must be world-wide, with no limitation of good-will, and they must be soundly established in a spirit of truly international forbearance and truly Christian brotherhood.

THE PROGRESSIVES ARRIVE

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

IT IS an axiom among those very practical gentlemen who manage the affairs of political parties that reform movements are not permanent. The truth of this dogma of political faith is illustrated by the continued existence of such organizations as the Vare machine in Philadelphia, the Thompson machine in Chicago, and Tammany Hall in New York. All of these organizations have suffered reverses at the polls at one time or another, at the hands of "reform" tickets. But succeeding elections always find the machine back in power and doing business as usual.

The reason is not obscure. Nearly always a city reform ticket is carried into power on the wave of popular resentment centering around some particular grievance or some particular individual. The grievance past or the individual squelched for the moment, the zeal of the crusaders abates—and the organization begins to lay plans for its return to power. This does not prove that the reformers were wrong; it merely demonstrates that they are not such capable politicians as those who make their living by that occupation. In politics as in poker, the supreme test of skill is the ability to win gracefully, which is an ability much rarer than that of being able to lose gracefully.

The foregoing to the contrary notwithstanding, there is reason to believe that the national political situation just now presents one of those exceptions which are said to be the conclusive proof of all rules. In other words, it seems that the Progressives—the national analogs of the municipal reformers—have achieved permanence.

One of the most useful of the manifold functions of the Senate of the United States is that of being the national political weather-vane. So an analysis of that body may be treated as competent evidence of the truth or falsity of Progressive permanency.

Making such an analysis raises the question "What is a Progressive?" The definitions available are reminiscent of the reports made by the famous group of blind men who examined an elephant. Since no claim is advanced that this article is written under divine inspiration there will be no attempt made herein to give a dogmatic answer to that question. But there is in the Senate a group of men who, in the popular mind at least, are generally classed as Progressives. And the popular mind is important, for purposes of this discussion, because the individual ganglia of that mind elect United States senators. This group includes: Borah of Idaho, Brookhart of Iowa, Frazier and Nye of North Dakota, Dill of Washington, Blaine and LaFollette of Wisconsin, Johnson of California, Norris and Howell of Nebraska, Shipstead of Minnesota, McMaster and Norbeck of South Dakota and Wheeler of Montana. Of these, all but Dill, Wheeler and Shipstead are officially classified as Republicans. Dill and Wheeler are Democrats, and Shipstead is the minority of one representing the now almost defunct Farmer-Labor party.

The question to determine is whether or not this group represents a mere ephemeral ripple on the current of political life. Fortunately this may be submitted to a test both simple and conclusive.

In the Senate, as in other legislative bodies, most of the drudgery of official business is done through

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committees. Each committee, necessarily, has a chairman and the chairman of an important committee is a powerful figure in the Senate. The unbroken practice of the Senate is that the senior member of the majority party on each committee is entitled to the chairmanship of that committee unless he already holds the chairmanship of another major committee which he prefers to retain. Presumably this practice is based on the theory that the human brain, like distilled spirits, improves in direct ratio with its age. Be that as it may, it is almost invariably the case that a committee chairman has served his state in the Senate for many years. From which it may fairly be deduced that the ideas he represents have found stable acceptance in the minds of his constituents. How do the Progressives show up on this test?

There is no committee of the Senate more important than the Committee on Foreign Relations. It is the agency designed to guide the Senate in that body's exercise of its power to restrain or support the executive branch of the government in relationships between the United States and foreign powers. The recommendations of this Committee, if accepted, may bind the nation irrevocably. Not even the powerful Committee on Finance is more important, because the tariff or tax bills which the latter frames may be accepted by the Senate during one Congress and amended or entirely repealed by the succeeding Congress. The chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations is Senator Borah of Idaho, Progressive Republican, who has served in the Senate since 1907.

Almost equal in importance is the Committee on the Judiciary, the Committee created to handle bills which may change the entire structure of the judicial branch of the government short of abolishing the Supreme Court itself. The chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary is Senator Norris of Nebraska, Progressive of Progressives. His committee considers bills which may enlarge or restrict the powers of federal courts inferior to the Supreme Court, resolutions proposing amendments to the constitution of the United States. Senator Norris has served in the Senate since 1912, and from 1900 to 1912 he was a member of the House of Representatives.

Those who fear the alleged sinister power of Wall Street may derive comfort by considering the personnel of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency. This committee passes on bills proposing amendments to the Federal Reserve Act and to other laws relating to the subjects indicated by its name. Moreover it passes on nominations for offices in the Treasury Department and in such bodies as the Federal Reserve Board and the Federal Farm Loan Board, just as the Committee on Foreign Relations considers the nominations of ambassadors and ministers, and the Committee on the Judiciary considers nominations of federal judges, district attorneys and United States marshals. The chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency is Senator Norbeck of South Dakota, a Progressive with Bull Moose antecedents. He has been in the Senate since 1920 and before that was twice governor of his state.

Since the world war, immigration legislation has been a subject of major importance. The Senate Committee on Immigration is headed by Senator Johnson of California, another Progressive of long standing. His Progressivism has mellowed a bit, perhaps, with the passing of years; nevertheless, in comparison with the old guard members of his party, he is still a flaming radical. He came to the Senate in 1916 after having served two terms as Governor of California.

Senator Howell of Nebraska is chairman of the Committee on Claims. The bills handled by this Committee are, for the most part, of no great intrinsic importance but the chairman is always a person whose good-will is valuable to other senators with constituents whose votes may be influenced by the fate of their own particular private bills. Senator Howell, whose political and economic views harmonize almost perfectly with those of his colleague, Senator Norris, came to the Senate in 1922.

The youngest, both in service and age, of this group of Progressive chairmen is Senator Nye of North Dakota, chairman of the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys which shapes the policy of the Senate with respect to the vast public domain. He once ran for Congress on an independent ticket. Senator Nye's senatorial career began in 1925 when, much to the chagrin of the conservative Republican members, he was seated on an appointment from the Governor of North Dakota by a margin of two votes. The following year he was twice elected to the Senate: once to fill out the remainder of the unexpired term of the late Senator Ladd, and the second time for a full term of six years. He has the distinction of having been sworn in as a member of the Senate three times in less than two years.

Senator Nye's colleague from North Dakota, Senator Frazier, now holds the chairmanship of the Committee on Indian Affairs. Senator Frazier has enjoyed the endorsement of the Non-partisan League in his state and shared with the elder Senator LaFollette the distinction of having been read out of the Republican senatorial caucus and then welcomed back to the fold when the Republican majority became almost nonexistent. Senator Frazier was elected to the Senate in 1922 after having been Governor of North Dakota for three terms.

To recapitulate, of the fourteen senators listed as Progressives, seven hold committee chairmanships, including those of three of the most important committees of the Senate. Of the remaining seven members of the group, three are ineligible to chairmanships because they are not members of the majority party.

One of the remaining Republican members of the group, Senator Brookhart of Iowa, would probably hold a chairmanship today if the continuity of his service had not been interrupted by an unfavorable de-

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cision in the contest filed against his election in 1924. Of the remaining three, Senator Blaine took his seat in the Senate at the beginning of the present session of Congress, Senator LaFollette was elected in 1925, and Senator McMasters in 1924.

Compare the list of chairmen for the present Congress with that for the same committees at the beginning of the Sixty-Seventh Congress—the first Congress of the Harding administration. When that reign of normalcy began: Senator Lodge of Massachusetts was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations; Senator Nelson of Minnesota was chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary; Senator Colt of Rhode Island was chairman of the Committee on Immigration; Senator Smoot of Utah was chairman of the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys; Senator McLean of Connecticut was chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency; and Senator Spencer of Missouri was chairman of the Committee on Claims. The elder Senator LaFollette was chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, the lone Progressive among those then heading these Committees.

The stability of the Progressive movement indicated by the facts heretofore briefly sketched, is now recognized in the Senate. It is not unusual for a resolution providing for the creation of a special committee to specify that it shall be "composed of three Republicans, including one Progressive Republican, and two Democrats." During the interim between the Sixty-Ninth and the Seventieth Congresses several of the Progressive senators formed an informal conference of their own to discuss anticipated legislation. This may be the forerunner of a definite Progressive organization in Congress.

The Progressives hold the balance of power in the Senate today. But that advantage is not particularly valuable because on fundamental issues, particularly economic issues, the Democrats are very likely to combine with the conservative Republicans rather than allow Progressive principles to be enacted into law. However there are some students of public affairs who believe that the present situation may contain the germ of a drastic re-alignment of parties involving the discarding of outworn shibboleths and a division as between conservatism and Progressivism: that is, a distinction with a difference.

HERBERT HOOVER AS WOMEN SEE HIM

By CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

HOW Cardinal Mercier knew men! During the course of a very memorable interview he said to me:

> Mr. Hoover—Ah, there is a man!—a man the world needs, for it needs synthetic vision. The masses are crying for understanding and constructive help, and yet one after another program fails because those who launch them lack the capacity for the circumferential view and for correlation which Belgium's friend has. He is one of the few men living today whose imagination visions the whole, and who, having seen the goal, can create the mechanism necessary to its attainment and drive to it.

Thus one of the greatest spirits of our time put his divining finger on what distinguishes Herbert Hoover from other men.

His effort seems often but to begin where that of another might end. In all the colossal European war and post-war work, for instance, which the Cardinal had followed, and especially strikingly in that in disrupted eastern Europe, we saw him carry on his beneficent counter-war against hunger, disease and cold. But he did more; he at once began paralleling it with a far-reaching work of economic reconstruction. He saw not only the lives of millions of people threatened, but that nations and even civilizations would go down unless courage and at least a measure of self-sufficiency could be soon restored in the tottering human groups. Ports must be opened, railways rehabilitated, credits advanced, trade and employment made possible. All his business and engineering experience he put at the service of his creative imagination as he constructed his vast humanitarian machine.

It seemed to rise as if by magic, so quickly did staffs and officers and their administrative network cover an imperiled area. In the end the lines stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea and from the Atlantic to the Volga; from ten to twelve billion dollars had been handled and scores of millions of lives saved. And there was magic in all this. It represented the biggest "big business" the world had yet seen—honest business, sound economics, sound sociology, sound statesmanship, skilled scientific method, tender sympathy with human pain wherever found; but without the welding fire of the creative imagination, Europe would not have been succored as it was. It was there that the magic lay.

I have been asked to write about Herbert Hoover, the man and his world importance, and I find that I have begun at the end, for I believe that when the final estimate of his work is made the emphasis will be placed where the great Cardinal put it. But I should like to leave such appraisal a moment, for a more intimate look at Mr. Hoover as he appears to his friends and neighbors in peace time.

Though in a sense he can count on no period of peace ("Oh, Monsieur Hoover, ce spécialiste dans les calamités publiques," said an ambassador recently arrived in Washington) for his is apt to be the first aid sought now in any catastrophic circumstance. In fact,

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the picture uppermost in my mind at this time is of an evening during a breathing spell in his most recent relief undertaking.

The worst flood crisis in our memory had passed. Mr. Hoover had returned from the waste of mud and water and cattle camps and human camps to report the situation and set in motion machinery for further work, and incidentally to check up in his own rather exacting Department of Commerce. We dined with him that first evening. The small table was set on the veranda looking from the rear of the comfortable red brick house on part of Washington's early forest, for the Hoovers have guarded practically all the trees they found on their land.

Below the veranda balustrade in long outer flower-boxes blossomed twenty-four varieties of gourds. The Secretary had planted the seeds before he was called to the flood area (Mrs. Hoover in rivalry setting out corn and tomatoes and beans in the outlying ones) and he had returned to find the first globes forming. He made a humorously meticulous tour of farm inspection before we sat down, walking quietly—he moves quietly, though he always gives the impression of power—tall, very broad-shouldered, his head not lifted but rather lowered as from the habit of thought, his hair, at fifty-four, slightly greying; on one side his adored first grandchild, two-year old Peggy Ann, who so deliciously, at times so comically, resembles him; on the other his dog. His blue eyes vividly reflected happiness in this return to the back porch; he preferred gourd blossoms to all rare blooms, and the gourds themselves to all known farm products. This was necessary compensation farming, offsetting the tribulations of his actual agricultural enterprise in California. Next season he would double the planting!

Then to table—disturbing a little the wrens in their gourd houses at the tops of the veranda columns which had also chosen that hour for their dining. Familiar Leon was putting on the soup plates. Everything had been leading up to this moment. As we sat down we were intensely ready for the tragic, dramatic story, for the big figures, the great plan.

"Do you know anything about quilts?" asked our host. "There's a group of colored flood victims down in Mississippi who can make handsome ones and a white woman who is trying to organize their talents into a supporting industry. We ought to make it possible for that white woman and those colored women to do this. They don't need charity, only constructive help. Couldn't a woman, or several women here, who want to do something about this flood, get behind them?" And he pictured the sanitary central workroom already achieved and the hope of the colored women as they stitched the Rose of Sharon quilts and the Crown of Thorns quilts, until each of us listeners cried "Quilts for all!"

Then he turned from the detail to the whole, painting on a vast canvas, with powerful strokes, the flood picture. Hours were given to problems of finance and engineering, to tracing effects to causes. Who in our country makes so clear, so comprehensive, so thrillingly suggestive a report as the present Secretary of Commerce? But before we left, he returned to the quilts, outlining a plan for securing a market for them. Incidentally, I discovered that he had himself bought enough to make possible an initial "quilt tea" where interest might be kindled. These were already on their way north.

In this simple, characteristic incident, carrying that quality of his that we call his humanness, lies one answer to the question I have several times heard asked, "Why do women find in Herbert Hoover a great leader?"

When in 1917 the United States Food Administration faced its Atlas task, Herbert Hoover said, "We must rely on the women of America to see it through." Without futile talk about women's capacities versus those of men, he assumed that they were equal to the biggest undertaking upon which American women had yet embarked. And he proceeded to lay it out. We remember how.

First of all, women, as well as men, must see the whole before their imagination is fired, for without that quickening, effort dies. He pictured the goal, invented the symbol, the slogan—which of us did not hang up the little window card showing that we had our "visitor in the house"? He drew a straight path, a shining path, between the patriotically manipulated ingredients of a kitchen pot and that line of misery—the bread line of the world. And this was no sentimental stimulus; his peripheral view held always the objective, saw always the vast and complicated organization operating at the tin cup end, before the outstretched hands of children. Therefore, he aureoled the cheated garbage can.

Such pauses as those over the detail of the quilt in the overwhelming flood pattern, or over the Food Administration kitchen apron (it must be the most effective possible, and the proof that it was is its place in the market today) or to interpret the importance of a least act of housekeeping in the vast mosaic of human effort, have their part in the explanation of why he won a loyal and lasting support among women. There is tragic inhibition in adult as well as in child life. His instinct sensed this and he made it possible for the most isolated woman suffering from her conviction of the futility of her apparently petty and unrelated task, to feel her shoulder against that planetary wheel that was grinding the grain of the world's bread. Or, by means of another symbol or logical exposition, he connected her far hilltop or sage-brush plot with a first-line trench. And he freed her from the feeling of frustration as he reiterated that truth (which incidentally his own work has so brilliantly illustrated) that men or women can reveal as much greatness in the amelioration of war's results as in the conduct of war itself.

This type of direction he has given so far as he has

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had time to, to our present Better Homes movement and to the work of the American Child Health Association, in both of which he is so genuinely interested. And it will undoubtedly offer the same thrilling experience in service whenever he calls women to work—or men.

And just here I should like to pause. One of the saddest things in our multifarious activity is to see—as we often do—interest awakened, some person undertake with enthusiasm a certain piece of work and demonstrate capacity, and then, once the immediate task is finished, to find him or her dropping back, often with discouragement, into inactivity. The aid hardly knows what he has done, does not see where it leads. Over and over this has happened because after a specific accomplishment the director felt no responsibility for educative review or evaluation. Energy that might have been held for further service has been lost. There has been much social waste here.

Because of Mr. Hoover's habit of such review many people in Europe as well as in our own country enjoy the happiness of increased and increasing usefulness. As I write I read from one of his reports of the Mississippi disaster:

> Some 200 organizations have been involved in the relief operations, the Red Cross taking the major burden. A multitude of organizations have shown devotion and a fine spirit of coöperation and great efficiency in action—the result of all of which is the better care of disaster. This whole relief operation marks a more distinct step in progress in our national sense of responsibility, in effectiveness in saving life and in the mitigation of suffering, than is found ever before in our history.

This happens to be but part of a general statement. Were there time I could list innumerable instances of specific analysis and comment.

I confess to being less interested in Mr. Hoover's having, early in life, reconstructed wrecked mining enterprises across the world, in his having saved so-and-so many millions of people from starvation, in his having steadied these or those nations, helped restore flood-ravaged territories, or built up a department of commerce that has invigorated and stabilized the nation's business. I am less interested in these achievements in themselves, however important, than in what has happened to the ideals and the happiness in work in the men and women with whom and through whom he has accomplished them. For with his kind of leadership, that will to put them through, and that developed capacity that put them through, should be passed on in our social training, insuring future effort and future happiness, and thus add to the nation's true wealth.

I have been asked often, sometimes with annoyance, what is the secret of the extraordinary personal attachment of those who work with Mr. Hoover to their "Chief." Part of it certainly lies here. He takes time to look backward, while he at the same time stimulates a forward-looking attitude, a feeling of continuity in action—one thing but leads to another. In our day of cynicism and disillusionment, is not what we most need to believe, this—that there is always something very much worth doing, and that we can do it? We are grateful to, we attach ourselves to, the man who by example and pronouncement encourages this attitude in ourselves.

Obviously this is no complete explanation, nor could there be one. There are intangibles in such relationships that escape tabulation. However, quite as obviously, certain things are clear. This man whom many see only as building up vast, strongly centralized organizations, some think of as engaged chiefly in decentralizing them. No sooner is the general scheme assured, than the work of relegation begins. Such relegation may be accomplished by one man in one way, by another in another. The way Mr. Hoover does it, that particular gesture of confidence with which he turns over responsibility and control, is apt to win what some call exaggerated devotion and loyalty.

And here is another point. The assistant may have thought of his chief as a superman in brain and skill, as supremely meriting preferment and reward. He sees him brush both aside, while reducing his personal needs to their simplest forms. And what is more stirring, he soon realizes the great dependence, personally, of this person of extraordinary powers, on his group of helpers. Through conferences, through discussion, through confidences, he clarifies his own thought, sharpens his idea. He follows while he leads. It is quite natural that out of the soil of such realization should flower an unusual relationship.

It is amusing to those who know him, to hear the Secretary of Commerce criticized as inexpressive, ungenial. I know of no one who leans more heavily on the companionship of friends and collaborators. His house is open to them. One of them said, as we talked of this, "He makes it necessary for us to defend him against our sense of possession!" There may be debate in the little study with its fire and "smokes" for those who want them, or just quiet talk and gaiety, for he likes good stories and a laugh, and at times the Secretary may turn to his desk and jot down something while the talk continues or the radio or victrola makes music. Whenever he is free he wants his friends about him.

One may ask what these last paragraphs have to do with the question of Mr. Hoover's world importance. Much, I believe. I go back, as I do again and again through the days, to things the Cardinal said: "What the world most needs today is a great leader . . . ." How often he repeated that! To ask what kind of leader Mr. Hoover is, then, is pertinent.

But I must turn from the attempt at a partial answer to that question, to ask another: What beliefs are determining factors in this leadership? One, at least, I think I can indicate.

Hoover believes—and with the passionate intensity of youth—that certain things are worth doing. And

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he believes simply and honestly in the capacity of the American people to do them. And that they will do them voluntarily, once they are convinced they should be done. His Credo begins here. Turn again to his work as Food Administrator facing the necessity of unprecedented coöperation and regulation in the use of food. Europe had faced that problem and many of us have seen the bewildering series of spectrum-hued coupons and permits it issued to cover the minutiae of each day's living. They represented the same kind of direction that gave orders to the army. Mr. Hoover saw that system working in Europe; he knew that it would not work here. He knew his United States, that the life principle of democracy is voluntary effort. The government's gigantic system of control must rest on that foundation, otherwise it would have no strength in it. The people who had willed the democracy were capable of self-direction, self-elected sacrifice.

Was he right? Is he right? Let the pages of what is now the history of the United States Food Administration answer. And remember that when ten years ago he put the matter up to our people he had comparatively little authority, little power.

All of which means that Mr. Hoover believes in our democracy as an effective working form of government. There has been much debate of this thesis—not all feel as the Secretary of Commerce does. But all must admit that if improvement or change are needed, they will come because of someone's belief that such improvement is possible and that our people are capable of bringing it about. His positive faith makes him important, not only to us but to the world.

CONVENT NIGHT

By EREC CERE

THERE were thirty-two beds in the dormitory at Saint Genevieve's, four rows of eight alcoves, each separated from its neighbors by full-length, white duck curtains strung on oaken frames lifted seven feet off the floor. Our tiny cubicles were sacred to privacy, small squares shut in by linen walls, every one a castle.

A pale blue chair, Virgin's blue, a pale blue dressing table (but without a mirror) an iron bed painted pale blue, with a ruffled lawn cover in pale blue—thirty-two strongholds, each safe, secure, one's own still retreat. There were no mirrors in the convent except two from-floor-to-ceiling ones in the parlor. We scarcely saw these, however, the frames were too exciting: fat, vine-engirdled cupids with out-puffed cheeks chased each other about those imprisoning rectangles, forever running, never getting anywhere, but fearfully intent upon a mimic haste.

The long stretch of the dormitory, its enormous height from dazzling waxed floor to white, white ceiling made one, even an eight-year-old girl tall for her age, breathless with distances. The room was great in generosity: as if big enough to lose them in itself, it opened its wide, hospitable Gothic windows to the crumpled chain of eleven Alleghany peaks which on west and south and east jealously fenced us about.

There was so much air to breathe, up among those hills. There was so much to see on mountains where color walked, a peripatetic. Never was that paletted horizon still. The very light was diffused, shattered as through a spectrum—sometimes leaves were red, much too young to know the frost; bouldered mountain slopes turned from orange to turquoise in a wink.

On some mornings in early spring as we peeked at the dawn while dressing, our lungs ached with the lively floods of air which rushed at us to be breathed, our eyes ached with the magnificence of the sky and the hills, our hearts ached at our speechlessness before such a liberal earth.

But at night after the wicks were turned down to a glimmer which shed shadows instead of light, dreads or pleasures haunted my alcove and stayed there until the last star had gone.

Walls are such pitiless enemies. What strength is the strength of an eight-year-old against a mighty six-sided phalanx which, through a silence on ear for a sound, advances steadily, steadily. The silence seems almost to ring with sound, as if remembering it, as if wishful of but not quite daring to be an echo, a silence like that in the cup of an old bell that has lost its clapper. Steadily, steadily, come the walls, not like enemies now, certainly not like friends. Small, smaller grows the cube which closes in the air and me.

Shut off are we from the world—so were the holy hermits. Saint Anthony was shut off from the world in the desert. Saint John the Baptist was in the desert too. He ate locusts and wild honey. Wild bees living in wild places make wild honey. One day Major came in covered with burs and wild honey, he had been eating it. Sister Léocadie and I pretended it was such a job to wash him off. Inside, really, all three of us laughed—Major laughed with his mouth a tiny bit. Another time we washed Major for fleas. I must write my father asking if ever he has used creosote. Millions of little fleas came tumbling out. They looked like the puzzling dots which one is asked to count, sometimes.

My! Major is a dog who knows more about good manners than many children do. I must tell my father in that letter that the other day Major ate half of my banana. Of course, he did it to please me because anyone knows that dogs do not naturally like bananas. Another day he ate a piece of my dill pickle; but he spat it out when he thought I wasn't looking. Oh!

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How I adore that dog, he is so cunning. I could squeeze him to death—but that is what is happening to me. The walls are squeezing, squeezing. Where has the air gone? Let me follow. Air! Wait for me. Here, see, I am billowing after. My nightgown is like a sail on the sea. A fresh sea breeze, the cold chill of the sea. A sail in a freshet. No, that isn't right. The wind blows me willy-nilly, willy-nilly.

How cold my feet are. Where are my feet? I miss them so much. I long for them the way Henry the stable man must long for the arm which the doctors sawed off. He says that arms and legs and feet which have been sawed off must be buried in the churchyard, and it's when they turn in their grave that the stumps hurt. Catholics bury theirs in consecrated ground. A little headstone will mark the place where my feet . . . how cold stone is in winter. How did I get here on the window ledge? See, in bare feet I stand on bare stone. Even monks are not strong enough for that. They wear sandals. Oh! I am so cold. Let me run to bed. Running makes one warm.

My blessed Lord, please help me tonight before I go to sleep to think about Your piteous sufferings.

You know me so well, dear God, I try and try to remember how cruelly the crown of thorns hurt Your holy head, especially when the brutal soldiers beat it down tight so as to fasten it in Your flesh. Just a plain, ordinary headache is so painful, think how dreadful it must have been for You, the delicate Son of the Virgin to bear such wrongs, and so forgivingly.

I try to imagine how Your eyes must have ached as Your precious blood (which was shed for the sins of the world, amen) flowed down, only in the midst of my piety to become a young prince traveling in disguise through the world.

No one knows it except my body-guard, four handsome, tall young men who have pledged their lives to take care of me, and the court councilors, tiresome old men who have to know affairs of state, no one dreams but they that I am not a prince at all: I am a princess dressed up in boy's clothes.

This is the way it is in my kingdom: if any of the jealous ring of plotters who are always about thrones, if any of them should find out that I am not a boy they would start a war. They would kill ever so many strong and able-bodied men, it is true, but they would also kill all the friendly wild animals who, free from fear of shots and stones, live peacefully in the boundless forests of my kingdom. Under pain of death no one is allowed to cut off the heads of deer and nail them on boards to hang in dining rooms.

Really every throne in Europe, more or less, belongs to me. That is why the false rulers, such as the King of England and the King of Spain, for instance, are so nice to me. In their hearts they admit their thrones belong to me; but I do not press my claims—it is pleasanter to ride fleet horses, blooded, high-spirited horses. They are held in not by one's strength on the reins but by the tone of one's low voice, by the trust one puts on them. Horses have such understanding, unless, of course, they have gone mad through cruel treatment.

A stable boy told me once about a horse called Wildfire which had bees in his bonnet. That meant he was mad.

Nobody knows how afraid I am of anyone who is mad. Gracious, what should I do if a mad person with crafty eyes would cunningly steal into my alcove and threaten me with a shining, sharp, sharp knife. Michele, Superior's maid, has told us children of a mad man who is going about among the farms now.

He has a basket covered with a red handkerchief. Inside the basket is a butcher knife and when he has been taken into a house for breakfast, he waits until the father goes out into the fields. Then he slits the throats of the mother and all the children, even the baby in the cradle. He slits them from ear to ear.

Oh! Dear God, please help me! My throat trembles so. Help me, God! This is Passion Week. All the altars are draped in purple, even the faces of the saints are hidden and the crucifixes too, are shrouded.

Lord of Sabaoth, King of Angels, Sovereign the Most High, help me to put my mind on the stab of red light which came from the dawn this morning during Mass to mingle with the uplifted flame in the sanctuary lamp.

God behind the gold door of the tabernacle, all night long that watchful tongue of fire in the swinging sanctuary lamp has been in ecstatic nearness to You. That burning cone with head high held is like a thirsty bird struck to red stone as he raised his head to thank You for his drop of water.

That faithful fire which burns downstairs in chapel to keep You company through the dark hours of the night tells all, everyone, me, that God the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, is omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient—which means that You are all-powerful, that You are everywhere, that You . . .

My sheets smell of lavender. It is the cool, cold smell of lavender which makes me want to slide myself down straight on the cold, cool sheets. If I lie straight as a lance all night, every night, I shall grow tall like one, tall with my shoulders back, my chin proud and my eyes clear-seeing. If one's eyes are clear-seeing it means that one has a clean heart. That would be like turning into a knight or a squire or a page. I should be old enough to begin being a page.

How swiftly would the days go by with me holding my lord's stirrup cup, or handing up to him his dropped glove, or having tied to my wrist with a gold chain a pet falcon who loved herons and only pretended with a great outswishing of his wings to strike them out of the sky. I should wear silks in the summer and cashmeres in the winter, purple and green slashed doublets and hose, I suppose.

How free one's legs would be in long, fine stockings that did not tear as one ran over the fields, making

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believe to chase the wind. To chase the wind, to hunt the wind, to be one with the wind. What then the need of legs and clothes? The perfumed winds, the winds of Araby.

Winds from the North smell of ice floes; winds from the South smell of cloves and rose; winds from the East smell of toes—oh! how silly! I shall slip into my slippers, into my slippers I'll slip. Then with a slip of a bathrobe slipped 'round the slip of my form, I'll slip up to the window to look at a slip of a moon.

The sky glares with pursuing stars. Great lumps of spitting fire, they seem, furious at the whirring earth. They would burn it up if they could catch up. "No oceans can put us out," so they yell to mountains lost in love of a shy, fair moon. Open-mouthed stars! sparks spurt from your scorching jaws. How close you are to the thoughtful hills.

The night is white with light. One could read out of doors if it were not for the wind. No book, no matter how tamed, would let itself be home-ridden long when its quivering leaves felt the sweep of the wind.

A night of moon and hills and stars and wind. A night when trees unlock and speed their ladies forth. A night when reeds tire of silence. A night when foxes chatter, when hens cackle to scare off prowling weasels, when bears dance the dance which comes before the looting, a night when stags with horns expectant . . . "Oui, ma Soeur Béatrice, c'est moi.

"I wasn't sleepy so I just came out here to look at the frantic wind; but I wasn't afraid, really . . . Certainly, I am coming this very minute . . . Thank you for tucking me in . . . Ma soeur, your fingers smell like rose geranium. How cool they are on my head."

So the nights passed, one by one, a long variegated string. Almost everyone had a fear to be lived through, a kind of religious transport carried over from the day to be set free; or the childish imagination having been stirred by history or poetry or fairy tales, certain favorite adventures were reënacted with myself as protagonist.

The chief monsters of the night were in the daytime quite outside my life. I scarcely ever thought of them then; but after the dark had settled down there came to do battle a motley crew: Black Hand Bands, Mafias, striking miners, since the convent was not far away from the coal fields; stray marauding Indians who perhaps might have hidden themselves deep in the black woods; escaped lunatics (there was a state insane asylum on the far side of one of the hills which hemmed us in) burglars disguised as nuns who possibly might have sought shelter with us intending to rise up when all but I slept to kill us before they stole the treasures in the chapel; devils, whom I really liked but on whom I practised exorcisms as a discipline; human witches who cast spells and curses.

But not every dream menaced. As a reward for being fear-struck one night, a series of delightful changes in personality came to pay tribute. Time had no meaning in these dreams. I was whatever age suited the tale, whatever sex best suited the adjective needed: courageous, honorable, trusting, prophetic, gallant, beautiful.

To close my eyes on my pillow made me a troubadour; a seigneur defending his castle household against the Jacquerie; a young child stolen by Indians and as much of the woods as they; an Irish queen come out of the sea in the flood-tide; a gypsy foundling skilled in the steeping of herbs and in mysterious magic practices.

All other persons in these dreams were shadowy. They gave merely scenic decoration; but it was quite the expected thing for trees to talk, for animals to give advice, for entire forests to pick themselves up and off to wherever they were wanted.

On rainy days many of the children used to compare dreams. When my turn came, I made mine up on the spur. For to admit anyone to this sacred refuge was unthinkable. To acknowledge terror would be open confession of cowardice; to let the world into my playground of "pretend" would seal its doom. With what then should I people my alcove?

Ave Maria

Here is peace and loveliness—
Spires lifted toward the blue,
Here the tangible caress
Of the sunshine stealing through
Narrow windows . . . May it bless
With its warmth the heart of you!
May it meet your eyes that smile
Down the dimly shadowed aisle!

I—who came on stranger-feet
To this sanctuary where
There is quietude replete
With a joy that I may share—
I shall find you, still and sweet,
In this place—oh, hear my prayer!
Mother Mary, speak to me
In your boundless charity!

Hallowed by a light above,
Since the ages have begun,
With your all-enfolding love
Bless the weary heart of one
Who has felt the glory of
Your incomparable Son—
Christ who suffered human pain
That the world be born again.

I—a stranger in this place,
Alien to its rituals—
I shall see your carvéd face
Sheltered by these holy walls.
I shall know the tender grace
Where your benediction falls . . .
Mother Mary, give to me
Solace in your sanctity!

CATHERINE PARMENTER.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Maya

MAYA, by Simon Gantillon, has achieved a definite importance in the theatre world here and abroad. It is a bold play in its theme, sincere in its intention and treatment, but hardly original in its thought or stimulating in its dramatic terms. It is a case of poetic imagination applied to the age-old theme of the prostitute, an attempt, and a rather unsuccessful one, to discover new meanings in her as a symbol. It is the kind of play which, treated with the insight of Rostand in his Last Night of Don Juan, might have yielded illumination. But Gantillon is not a Rostand, and nowhere in the course of Maya do we find anything more important than the obvious fact that in one woman many men can find the satisfaction of many different desires.

Bella, the woman of Gantillon's play, is never loved for herself. One man seeks her as a substitute for a hopeless love; another as a companion with whom he can share his homesickness; another, let us say, as a mother. Maya is a study rather of men than of a woman. Bella is a passive figure, sentimentalized into a sort of earthly refuge for the loneliness of men. This picture has its element of objective truth. Men are probably children more often than they are brutes. But the picture is not complete. It is merely one of those half-truths which poetry loves to clothe in the mystical garments of discovery, apparently unconscious of the fact that the half-truth is the most subtle of all deceptions.

For Maya has many side implications hardly less important than the main theme. Bella's room on a street near the harbor of Marseilles is not taken in isolation. The life of the street sweeps by and into her room. Other men and other women pass across the scene, realistic portraits, most of them, whose lives and thoughts are meant to lend color and comment to the meaning of Bella's own. And from this agglomeration one gathers the background of the sordid trade itself—all the old and overworked story of economic pressure, of romantic error, of neglect. And again it is only a half-truth which emerges—a half-truth which shows that generosity, warm-heartedness and good impulse can and sometimes do go hand-in-hand with the barter of flesh.

The lack of real dramatic interest in the play springs, it would seem, from its detached episodic construction, and from its effort to sustain a thesis. It is much as if Gantillon were giving us an illustrated lecture on the causes of the oldest organized vice in the world, attempting to show us that, by and large, its persistence is due as much to the mental as to the physical desires of men, and reinforcing his argument by specific cases. There is certainly very little in the play, aside from the major premise of its material, that panders to vulgar taste. There have been many other plays during the last three seasons whose implications were far more degrading and perverse, even if their main characters shone with outward respectability. So far as it goes in its search of human motives, Maya is honest. But it does not go far enough. It explains something, but not enough. It is like the man who tells you that the drunkard is only a man seeking escape from reality. In other words, its thesis could easily be accepted by the sentimental and unthinking as a partial justification of the vice it is examining.

This fact is inescapable and comes, I imagine, from the excessive sentimentality of the author. His sympathies are sincere, his compassion for the weaknesses of men great, but his powers of analysis are limited and without the spirit of deep adventure. Compare his exposition, for example, with that of Rostand. In The Last Night of Don Juan, we are carried right back to the ultimate source of evil, that impassioned self-love which seeks its own image in everything. There is something stalwart and final in one of Satan's last lines, when he tells the dying Don that he has been guilty of Satan's own sin—of loving himself so completely that he has been able to create nothing. Gantillon is groping rather blindly toward the same thought, but he is unable to uncover it. Instead he resorts to a pseudo-mystical closing scene, in which a Hindu pronounces some jejune lines about illusion and abstract desire. What Maya lacks is clear, hard thought to balance its tenderness and its understanding of vague emotions. It is too easily satisfied with the trite and the obvious. It is far too content to raise the prostitute to a parity with natural forces, and thus to shed about her some of the strange glamour of thunderstorms, of dark, unhealthy mists or of pagan madness under a warm moon. She is made to appear almost a benefactor of the race of men, an object upon which multiform desires of the mind as well as the flesh can center and find solace.

I am sure that if Rostand had been moved to write a play of similar type, we should have seen more of the shadow of death lurking behind the self-seeking of men. We should have felt that the primal sin of the prostitute lay in cheating nature, in leading men away from realities, in gratifying their self-love instead of sending them forth to love unselfishly and with a full acceptance of the laws of life and of constant re-creation. He would have said to us, in effect, "Behold this woman. She has been given the power to bring forth new life, but she has denied her own power that she may offer men an empty shell. She has been given maternal love that she may bring new life to fruition, but she uses it only to keep old lives in a state of childlike weakness. She has been given the healing power of friendship, but she has used it only as a pathway to empty lust. She is illusion—yes! But illusion is the mirage before the gate of death!"

The Actor Managers (formerly the Neighborhood Playhouse group) are the ones who brought Maya to this country, and it so happens that the District Attorney's office singled it out for summary closing. This might naturally lead to the conclusion that it was a singularly immoral play. On that point I hope I have made myself clear. If we are going in for the business of closing plays arbitrarily, there are several candidates now on Broadway that deserve the penalty far more than Maya—plays that deliberately, and for the purpose of what is called smart sophistication, make light of serious offenses, and by implication, tone and content encourage laxity of conduct. Whatever immorality you can find in Maya you can put down to muddled thinking and immature handling of a serious theme, to an overdose of sentimentality, and to the consequent exaltation of the idea of the prostitute far above its genuine importance. Like many modern newspaper accounts of sordid crimes, it lends false glamour to dross and false significance to the banal; it creates false proportions through incomplete statement.

In the production of the piece, the Actor Managers ap-

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proached some of their best work, particularly in the acting of Otto Hulette, Marc Loebell and George Heller. The part of Bella was played by Aline MacMahon, as guest artist, with great restraint and understanding of the play's best values.

The Bachelor Father

SPEAKING of plays whose themes really deserve serious inquiry, the Bachelor Father, by Edward Childs Carpenter, is about as sordid a piece of gilded trash as Broadway has seen in some time. A certain Englishman with a distaste for responsibility of any kind begins the play by boasting of the many love affairs of his past life, and then concludes that it would be an admirable jest to bring back to his wide estates three of his hitherto unacknowledged children. By thus taking the Cinderalla and Lord Fauntleroy themes and perverting them to farce comedy through the alleged spice of illegitimacy, the author evidently thinks he has created something quite novel and entertaining, and obviously Mr. Belasco, the producer, agrees with him. As a matter of fact, the whole play is merely a tinseled excuse for many of the roughest lines perpetrated in several years. The main point, however, is the cynicism of the theme, which is nothing more than a misuse of the maxim that all's well that ends well.

Incidentally, the play is not even successful as a play. It falls to pieces so completely in the vast confusions of the last act as to make it utterly worthless, except as a sort of side comment on the peculiar things that happen—or rather, that don't happen—under censorship. (At the Belasco Theatre.)

Dr. Knock

THIS amusing product of the pen of Jules Romains, which has run for more than five years in Paris, has been translated into effective if not sparkling English by Granville Barker. The program refers to it as an "intellectual farce," and that is a fairly just designation. Seizing upon that universal manifestation of egoism, the passion to be ill—that is, interestingly, mysteriously, differently ill—it drives it, with the undeviating logic of burlesque, to its ultimate preposterous possibility.

St. Maurice, a locality hitherto remarkable only for the monotonously healthy lives of its citizens, is invaded by the brilliant and resolute Dr. Knock, whose mind vibrates between the two great polar truths, that the medico is worthy of his hire, and that any man who supposes himself to be well is merely ignorant of the nature of his own malady. Indefatigable industry in applying these convictions, added to a very definite knowledge of the technique of advertising, serves him so well that in the end he has put the whole of St. Maurice to bed—except, of course, that fraction of the populace which is needed to attend upon the rest—the hotels are filled with pilgrims from other spots come in quest of diagnoses, the whole place is a prospering invalid factory, and everyone is proud and contented.

The two major players—Herbert Gellendré as Dr. Parpalaid, the mild old fraud who kept the people well, and Robert Gordon as Dr. Knock, the conquering scientist who, in the literal sense of the words, makes them sick—do very satisfying work. One doubts a little, however, whether the avowedly intemperate nature of the satire in the piece quite justifies the deliberate underlining furnished it by Clement Wilenchick's settings and costumes. The gay grotesqueries of color and design which surrounded the peasant clownings of the Chauve Souris are a little forcedly exotic, a little too oppressively conscious, when employed as part of the artistic décor of the native theatre. (At the American Laboratory Theatre.)

M. K.

COMMUNICATIONS

AN ANARCHIC PROPOSAL

Detroit, Mich.

TO the Editor:—The following is taken from Special Bulletin Number 1, Series 1928, of the National Association of Manufacturers:

"On December 12, 1927 . . . Mr. Shipstead, of Minnesota, introduced S.1482. . . . The bill would amend 'An act to codify, revise and amend the laws relating to the Judiciary,' approved March 3, 1911, by adding the following:

" 'Section 28. Equity court shall have jurisdiction to protect property where there is no remedy at law; for the purpose of determining such jurisdiction, nothing shall be held to be property unless it is tangible and transferable and all laws and parts of laws inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.'

"It will be observed that the measure does not apply to labor disputes alone but to all litigation involving the injunctive remedy. It would thus deprive all citizens in every controversy of injunctive protection for rights not at once 'tangible and transferable,' in order to effect the result desired in the field of labor disputes. It is not a regulation in procedure but a *revolution in substantive law.* [Italics mine.] Precisely what is to be meant by the word 'tangible' awaits the definition of the proponents of the measure. The bill has been formally endorsed by the Federation of Labor as representing their demand. In the light of their long-repeated and contemporaneous exposition of their philosophy the word 'tangible' must mean that only physical property is to become the subject of equity protection. But the right to employ physical property for the purpose for which it is brought into existence alone gives it value and is itself a fundamental right of property.

"Measured by any such test, the right to work, the right to employ or be employed, to engage in an occupation or a profession are not property rights nor to be protected as such against assault or invasion. Only the physical fruit of human effort is to receive and is worthy of the protection of the law.

"This, needless to say, is a conception antagonistic to every historic and traditional conception of the founders of our government or the authoritative expounders of either the Declaration of Independence or the constitution. The right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are not physical entities but moral powers which, called into operation by human volition, express themselves in every field of human action. . . .

"The measure frankly emanates from those who propose to impair or destroy the protective remedy, in order that the illegal attacks hitherto made upon the exercise of such rights may be renewed successfully after the remedy which now provides protection shall have been destroyed. . . . The proposal, it is to be remembered, is not to destroy this remedy merely in labor controversies, but to make it inapplicable to labor controversies by destroying it in every field of litigation. . . ."

It does not require very much imagination or legal training to comprehend the sheer anarchy of such a measure as Senator Shipstead's proposal. Even Trotsky could ask for no more powerful a weapon for the anti-social than this.

Does sociology as well as politics make strange bed-fellows? For many years we have been hearing some of our prominent Catholic sociologists vehemently denouncing the invocation of injunctions in labor disputes, and consequently they cannot complain if we ask if this is the sort of thing they are supporting. However, I feel that they are not fully aware of the dangers inherent in this proposed law.

But even so, they have used their influence in trying to

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obtain legislation to limit the use of the injunctive remedy, at least in labor disputes, and they would do well—even more, they may be morally bound—to take an active part in opposing this particular measure, lest they be misjudged.

On the other hand, if they refuse to accept this obligation and stand idly by as the bulwark of our human rights is destroyed by the fire which they, by their well-meant but possibly misguided efforts, have helped to kindle, on what grounds shall they be forgiven?

STEPHEN DU BRUL.

FATHER AMBROSE ON ROUND TOWERS

Catskill, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—As the communication of Father Ambrose in your issue of February 22 contains nothing of importance that can be considered seriously or critically, I will refer the impartial reader to my communication of November 2, 1927, which contains a complete answer to the theories of the Petrie school and of Father Ambrose on the use of the ancient Round Towers of Ireland.

I might add, however, that the Essay on Irish Antiquities read before the Royal Irish Academy by John D'Alton received a prize of $400, and that Essay contends, among other things, that the round towers are of pagan origin. Thus we see that it had the endorsement of that distinguished body.

But probably D'Alton had nothing to read except Vallancey. If so this will excuse the Academy and D'Alton; so that the new "higher criticism" introduced by the Petrie school may have full swing; though Petrie proclaimed—before his investigation into Irish antiquities—that his object was to do away with the false idea of civilization in ancient Ireland. He had to take back some very important assertions, though, before he got through.

I am accused of attempting to take "credit from our Christian ancestors." This is not fair. As well might Father Ambrose claim that the pagan temples of Rome are of Christian origin, and then find fault with anyone who asserts otherwise.

I have elsewhere given credit to "our Christian ancestors" of greater value than the building of the round towers, the uses for which, according to the ipse dixit of Father Ambrose, would indicate that "our Christian ancestors" were a lugubrious lot. I have shown that "our Christian ancestors" developed and brought to complete finish the so-called Gothic style of architecture; that what all the investigators of the subject have sought, namely the rude beginnings, and the gradual development of that glorious style, the most beautiful the world has ever known, are to be seen clearly in Ireland, and in Ireland alone. But in this I can well imagine the support I would get from the Petrie school who deprive pagan Ireland of any civilization, though the proofs are numerous and conclusive.

There is nothing to tell us that the round towers were built by the same race that built the stone forts, minus mortar; nor any datum that would show that Saint Patrick introduced the use of mortar into Ireland. Yet such is the foundation of the Petrie argument. I claim that Petrie never proved anything in favor of his theory, and it is gratuitous to make the assertion. In fact he did not claim that he had proved his theory, and in his preface he says that he suspects that many of the Munster Society of Antiquaries had been *half*-converted to it.

It is also unfair (because I quote Petrie's published intention or motive) to charge me with "scenting an object." I gave his own words, but my communication being so many months ago, the casual reader may not see how unjust is the charge against me. Hence it is possible that the words of Father Ambrose may have some effect in the direction he wishes.

It would be far more seemly on the part of Father Ambrose to attack the writer in the National Geographic Magazine whose glaring and ignorant falsehoods, so calumnious of our Irish ancestors, I mentioned in my communication to The Commonweal of November 2. But this is not the wish of the followers of Petrie; so that if there are many like Father Ambrose in Ireland, the old slanders on Ireland will have full swing, and the reputation given Ireland, commencing in 1172, will have no Lynch to combat it.

REV. COLUMBANUS DWYER.

THE COMMONWEAL WAS RIGHT

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—May I congratulate Mr. Michael Williams and The Commonweal, each, on the article by the former in the March Atlantic Monthly, and the series in the latter by Father Martindale? The Atlantic articles on Catholics and their beliefs and practices have been disturbing to many people—I think more disturbing than they need to be. Mr. Williams puts things back as they were. Father Martindale states all the things that Atlantic's contributor is trying to say. The two series might very profitably be read together.

Some time ago the editors of The Commonweal invited, through the pages of The Forum, all and sundry to express their objections to the Catholic Church. Many Catholics did not like it, some in view of the fact that there is an unquestionable tendency in the United States to confuse religion and politics and to make of religion a partisan affair. A year of very full statement of such objections in every branch of our public press has fully justified Mr. Williams's judgment in the matter. I am glad to express my present agreement in the same place in which I disagreed.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

MARK TWAIN AND THE POPE

Webster Groves, Mo.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Brennecke in his review in The Commonweal for February 15, entitled Bunyan Bewildered, says: "Mark Twain failed in business because he made the pathetic mistake of believing that Catholics would have to buy his life of Pope Leo XIII under pain of mortal sin."

One might as well say that he published the Memoirs of General Grant because he thought every American would be guilty of treason unless he bought a copy. The fact was that his nephew, Mr. Webster, had submitted the work to Pope Leo in a personal interview and had obtained His Holiness's approval for its publication. Did not Mark Twain show excellent business judgment in getting out a book which would appeal to some ten million American Catholics?

CYRIL CLEMENS.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

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BOOKS

From Jackson to the Jungle

A History of American Life, edited by Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox. Volume VI: The Rise of the Common Man, 1830-1850, by Carl Russell Fish. Volume VIII: The Emergence of Modern America, 1865-1878, by Allan Nevins. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00 each.

SO THOROUGHLY well edited is this series, so rigidly are the authors held down to a well-thought-out plan, that individuality in the product might seem impossible. But although every book follows the preconceived lines and treats of the same subjects in the same general manner, there is a striking difference in the two here reviewed—there are to be twelve altogether, carrying the story from 1492 to 1927.

Professor Fish's study is revealing and explanatory, and the America that began with Jackson and the frontier revolt ceases to be a mere welter of unrelated names and dates and falls into order. It was the period in which America grew optimistic and self-confident, in which she had no doubt of herself; when not only was the millennium at hand, but it was to be realized through America; when nothing was impossible to one of the chosen people and when every man acted under the impress of that conviction. The new conception began with 1815 and gained the mastery in 1829, when it tore the reins of government out of the hands of the previous generation.

In these two decades of striving, the strategy of every movement "was invariably based on the conception that all might be accomplished at once." "To deny that the American system of government would be immediately beneficial if adopted in China was to commit high treason." They were at the grandiose work of fixing their civilization "upon the great central plain of the Lakes, the Mississippi and the Gulf," and within a few years widening the area of intellectual and physical conquest to the Pacific; but they aspired to transform their own life "while they were transplanting it."

Jackson was a portent and a symbol, and with him riotous optimism and idealism, with the millennial assurance, took the form of the enthronement—not merely the emancipation—of the everyday American. The derided phrase that every American is a sovereign was then sober truth, mere matter of fact. It worked out in every department of life. For instance, it is curious to find in the Jackson revolution a solid reason for the stagnation of art. In the apotheosis of all Americans the opinion of one man became as good as that of another on any subject, art included, "and in the absence of standards the absurd, the crude, the ugly and the pretentious compared on even terms with the proven products of inherited appraisal."

The spirit of the age, that of optimism and millennial self-assurance, created a perfect individualism. Necessarily it became an era of reformers and of adventurers, and the clash of the two classes makes half the story. The advent of Mormonism was a sure product of this individualism; in an age so individualistic there was certain to be a new religion. When 1848 came, with what seemed to be the approaching fall of old Europe, the American believed his millennium had arrived; the world was about to become American; the American leaven had done its work.

Yet the first cold doubt had intruded. In 1846 the Wilmot Proviso had begun its work of turning the optimistic dream into tragedy. The ruling spirits of reform and adventure (adventure means expansion and the universal belief in "manifest destiny") suddenly met in battle array. "Reform had dealt a staggering blow to adventure," but adventure for the moment brought reform to a standstill. The irrepressible conflict was on. Sobered, the people turned from the millennium to the grim question of how to save the nation. Europe looked on with gleeful anticipation as the twin spirits of the optimistic generation, Clay and Webster, labored heroically, not for the realization of their old dreams, but to save the ship; and, dying immediately after, counted themselves and the country lucky. "The Compromise of 1850 may reasonably be taken as the end of an era," and after it "one seems to be in a nation held together in part at least by reticence and restraint instead of by the free and trusting belief of 1830 that all good could be simultaneously pushed to rapid accomplishment."

Professor Nevins's book is much more entertainingly written, but does not produce the same unified effect. It is more a series of pictures, from which the reader must construct his own summary of the era. Its central point is the panic of 1873, with its alteration of the whole American scene; but the reader will be more interested in its dramatic story of the railroad conquest of the unknown West through the herculean creation of the Pacific systems. Economically, the author strikingly says, the nation of 1865 was "a world away from the nation of 1878," and he shows why. In his emphasis on the panic, nothing is more impressive than his explanation of why Jay Cooke's bankruptcy struck terror into the nation: "The real fright and dismay of the failure lay in its disclosure of the half-suspected fact that the aggregate indebtedness of the business world was far too great to be paid out of the circulating capital. The instant this disclosure came that bright September day, every business man clutched simultaneously at the means of payment."

This book, too, is the story of a national awakening, a national sobering-up, with the difference that the period of which Professor Fish treats was a happy, boyish dream, and that of which Professor Nevins treats was a drunken orgy. For the sheer pleasure of reading a good story Professor Nevins's book is the better, but it is not so coherent, and it tempts one to combativeness; there are so many loosely-put statements, so many assertions with which one would like to quarrel, though there is not one which is really inaccurate. The objection is that if not important they are at least controversial.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

A Guide through Holy Writ

Outlines of Bible Knowledge, edited by the Most Reverend S. G. Messmer. St. Louis: B. Herder Company. $2.75.

THE prevailing parochial activity of today in the United States, which concentrates upon efforts of material upbuilding, often at the expense of missionary and catechetical preaching, gives to the habitual and intelligent reading of the Bible an importance hitherto underestimated, as an essential factor for preserving the faith of Christ among the growing generation. This does not mean that the Bible can ever, privately interpreted, become a safe and exclusive rule of religious faith or right moral living. But the Church, which is a continuous and living guide, inasmuch as it interprets for us the laws, ceremonies and counsels embodied in the scriptural injunctions, is apt to become the stimulus merely of a perfunctory performance, disguised as an exercise of religious obligation. Regular observance of ecclesiastical precept and attendance at devotional services of the Church may easily become something like the aesthetic enjoyment of music at an opera or oratorio. The rhythmic harmony that reaches the

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ear, and elevates, may still lack understanding of motive unless we are familiar with the text of the libretto which inspired the theme of the master. Similar is the relation between the religious promptings urged by the Church and the inspired text upon which its laws rest.

There is a third feature, however, which enters into this perfect harmony of the Divine concept of religion and the Church. Neither the inspired harmony, nor the biblical text upon which it is built, can be fully appreciated without a right understanding of the circumstances under which the heavenly message of the Bible was delivered to, not only the men of the ages when it was written, but of all time and generations. If we may be allowed to complete the analogy, however inadequate, which appreciation of musical art suggests, we should liken religious observance, such as is based upon study of the Bible, to the intelligent enjoyment of some great masterpieces like Wagner's Nibelungen Ring which demands not only an ear for melody and harmony, and familiarity with the text that created the cycle, but furthermore an appreciation of the subtle conditions which create the undercurrent of truth and explain the nature of its poetic expression, musical action and scenic effect. This understanding applied to the Bible can be obtained only by a study of the allied sciences, arts, personalities, places and racial or national peculiarities whence the biblical traditions were formed.

This latter element is supplied by works of biblical introduction such as we have under review. More than twenty years ago American and European scholars set about furnishing manuals of Bible study for English readers. The only available handbook at the time was Dr. Dixon's Introduction to the Bible, used in most of our theological seminaries. In view of the newly developed schools of biblical criticism it became soon inadequate and out of date. Authors like Gigot, Barry, Vaughan and others appeared to fill the need of a school book in various departments of Bible study. These, for the most part, took an academic, critical or apologetic view of the tasks before them following the prevailing scholastic or controversial methods. Their work, partial in its way, however worthy of credit, did not meet the want of the average student looking for a popular exposition rather than for an erudite or specialist treatment of the subject.

It was at this juncture that the present Archbishop of Milwaukee undertook to supply the still crying demand for a manual of Bible knowledge. Scholarly attention had been directed to a German work by Andrew Brull, which in a short time had reached many editions. Dr. Messmer's experience as a professor in one of our leading eastern seminaries, and in an extensive pastoral field, enabled him to gauge accurately the practical needs of the intelligent Catholic for a short yet complete text-book setting forth in summary form the nature, importance and actual contents of the Bible. In availing himself of the best model at the time to present a reliable Outline of Bible Knowledge for English-reading students Dr. Messmer did not limit himself to a translation. He utilized Professor Brull's work by rewriting, amending, completing with the aid of the latest sources from other reliable authors. Adapting his language, the formal division of the subject, and the external arrangement of his exposition to the genius of the English-speaking and especially the American reader, he provided a practically new work, to which he added the helpful aid of numerous references giving the key to further knowledge of the subject. Another important feature incorporated in his manual of Bible knowledge was the indication of the special Messianic literature which completes the staple

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purpose of all scriptural study. Numerous illustrations throughout, accompanying the text, and really helpful geographical guide-maps were to lead the eye toward an intelligent appreciation of the lessons imparted.

Taking into account the all-sided information thus furnished in Outlines of Bible Knowledge, it is difficult to realize that a volume of barely three hundred pages actually contains not only a complete survey of biblical history and letters defining the nature of scriptural inspiration, but presents at the same time an adequate account of the contents, historical, didactic and prophetic of the Old and New Testaments. The chapters on Biblical Geography embrace all the countries wherein the sacred drama is laid, from the patriarchal to the western mission territories in which the Apostles proclaimed the message of the Redemption.

A final section is devoted to Biblical Archeology. Here the reader is made acquainted with the origin and character of the sacred functions, seasons and important personalities which illustrate the domestic and political as well as the religious life of the Jewish people and of the races and nations that came in immediate contact with them, influencing the ultimate destiny of the children of God redeemed by the Blood of Christ.

H. J. Heuser.

Main Street and the Mountains

Democratic Distinction in America, by W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

IT MIGHT be illuminating to inquire why and since when we Americans have become so acutely, even so acridly, aware of the peril of Main Street. Is it because Main Street—which always and everywhere stretches between the mountains and tries to efface them by making men so corrupt or so content that they cease to look up—is inherently part of our national ideals or inherently hostile to them? Do we hate because we fear, or because we fear to love? For recent literature leaves no visible doubt that we do hate, as our mediaeval ancestors hated—grotesquely but with a saving sense of humor—the devil; or as our communistic Russian contemporaries hate—grotesquely and without any sense of humor at all—the bourgeoisie.

Doubtless it is a good thing that we are still able to hate something, even to fight something, as we do. But it is just a little naïve to accept the enemy as our own particular curse or cousin. For Main Street, obviously, is not democracy. It is just mediocrity—that deadly foe of distinction in every conceivable age and under any conceivable government. But probably our own national brand of mediocrity has itself to blame if the younger critics have brought into existence the American Mercury, and our older critics still argue seriously about democracy versus distinction. Our provincialism had begun to dip into legislation and autobiography: it had developed a passion for "expressing itself." So of course something had to be done to put it in its place.

All of which meditations have been stirred up by a volume which, in point of fact, does not directly express any one of them—the discussion of Democratic Distinction in America by that veteran scholar, Dr. W. C. Brownell. The temper of the book may be gauged from the fact that to its author, Matthew Arnold was the supreme prophet of the Victorian age, and Stuart Sherman of our own. This would imply that it is "highly serious" and keen for distinction in life and in letters; that it is properly impatient with the "perpetual youthfulness" and occasional "levity" of our American temperament; that while its personal equation inclines wistfully toward an aristocracy (but why, one wonders, does it shy off from the French ideal of the "aristocracy of talent"?) and regrets the gradual absorption of the old-time "college man," it believes hopefully in the "leveling up" process of our general education and the increasing growth of national distinction. In Dr. Brownell's own deliberate words, it is the "reciprocity between formal education and popular culture that characterizes the latter as a national achievement and gives it such a signal share in our contribution to civilization."

While his style seems rather formal and involved to the hasty contemporary reader, it is lightened by a host of apt and admirable quotations which suggest the most varied of "commonplace books." And he trembles on the verge of highly significant matter when he suggests, for instance, the American debt to immigration, our "tradition of activity," the fact that "nothing is less civilized than eccentricity," and the still more piercing fact that our popular "subsidence of sin" may possibly be due to a "less exacting conception of sinlessness." But curiously enough (for after all, Chesterton is but his younger contemporary!) Dr. Brownell cannot imagine why men should have lost their faith along with their dogmas. In discussing the "cultural potency of religion," he remembers Arnold but apparently forgets the Oxford Movement: and while he senses —vaguely—that "religion must have some theology," he still dreams—vaguely—that mankind was "saved . . . from the Papacy at the German Reformation."

Years ago, in the pregnant little volume called Principle in Art, Coventry Patmore declared with his usual mixture of profundity and directness: "To my mind there can be no distinction in life, art or manners . . . which is not the outcome of singular courage, integrity and generosity, and I need scarcely add, of intellectual vigor, which is usually the companion of those qualities habitually exercised." That is a sentence which sums up Dr. Brownell's and many another volume, since it pierces to the secret, vital root of the matter. And it confirms this reviewer's own suspicion that distinction, like heroic virtue—for is it not a kind of heroic virtue in secular things?—is likely to be achieved by the few, never the many, at least this side of Paradise.

Katherine Brégy.

Germany's Joyce Kilmer

Unser Weg, by Susanna Sorge. Munich: Josef Kösel und Friedrich Pustet. RM 4.

DURING the summer of 1911, two young people looked up simultaneously from the books they were reading into each other's eyes. Therewith began the romance which led to the marriage of Reinhard and Susanna Sorge, narrated with a most impressive simplicity in the present little book. It is easier for us to understand Sorge if we say that he was the Joyce Kilmer of German Catholicism: literary adventure, poetry, conversion to the Church, are in both cases preludes to death on the field of battle in the great war. The differences between the two are, however, deeper and larger than the outward resemblances. Sorge began to live in the shadow of Nietzsche. Peculiar domestic conditions, a quite indescribable mystical directness of temperament, and a strange commingling of desire for that which is permanent with an irresistible urge to find it, characterize this youngster whose early verse is sheer rhapsody about inner experience. He was splendidly ill with what the Nietzscheans termed health. And so it was natural that at an age when most young men are still writing college

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themes he had won the coveted Kleist Prize with a drama which completely altered, for a time, the drift of German dramatic writing. Der Bettler is the source from which expressionism took its origin.

But already before this "drama of the ego" had actually appeared, Sorge (in whom periods of nervous creative excitement alternated with times when he needed the solitude of country places) had met with a mystical experience which left him convinced of the existence and love of God. His benefactor happened to be an earnest theosophist, but Sorge went directly back to the simple Lutheran faith in which he had been reared as a child and proceeded to "settle accounts" with Nietzsche in a dramatic poem (entitled Gericht über Zarathustra) which seems to me the most significant of all his works. It is not a repudiation of the philosopher, but rather a transcending, a going beyond him, to recognition of God as the goal of desire. The language is that of a mystic, poised though aflame in the presence of his vision—remarkable language, all throbs and tireless imagery, but without calm or form.

Sorge's experience of Lutheranism was genuine and real, as may be seen from his poetic analysis of it. Yet practically no time had elapsed before he was beginning to take an interest in Catholic things, although no one among his friends belonged to the Church. In the presence of a Madonna in a village chapel he was deeply moved and said to his wife that if ever they should have a little girl her name must be Mary. Then, with the money supplied by the Kleist Prize, the couple began a journey which ended eventually in Rome. The spectacle of Catholic life and worship made its impression almost immediately; and after the two had celebrated Easter in Saint Peter's, the hour of conversion was at hand.

Sorge became a Catholic with all the fierce intensity with which he had been other things. A publisher was found—through Karl Muth, as a matter of course—for verse and dramatic compositions which were, for the most part, a kind of rhapsodic hymnody. The consciousness of a "mission" which had always been strong in Sorge led him to believe, however, that he must take a more active share in the work of the Church. He contemplated dissolving his family life and entering the priesthood. For this purpose he began, in all humility, to attend classes in philosophy given by a seminary professor and to perfect himself in the way of spiritual life. It must be confessed that at this stage of his career Sorge grew somewhat hard to understand. If the woman at his side had been less sacrificial and simple, the details of his activity would now be less satisfying to read. Probably she was genuinely conscious of that "call to sanctity" which is so apparent in his life, and to which even his Nietzschean writings are an unconscious testimonial.

To all this magnificent dreaming the war put an end. Enlisted as a private soldier, Sorge appears at first to have had no realization of what the outcome might be. He planned to come back and take up his studies, and marched off as one might go to work for a day in the fields. How difficult the terrible reality was to bear, soon became obvious, nevertheless. It was not so much the danger and hardship which oppressed him, as the chill burden of a human universe from which God seemed to have fled. A new note, blending tenderness and pathos, crept into his writing; and the thought of wife and child beside the Christmas tree, farther away than imagination could reach, brought him closer to earth and still perhaps nearer to God than he had been in the first hours of service, when the numbers "111" on his cap seemed to him an image of the

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Trinity. After his death, which came as the result of a mortal wound received during a bombardment, his strikingly beautiful "prayers" were taken up and preserved. In them one finds a consciousness of grace, a willingness to accept the burden assigned by Divine command, which is a sign of ultimate holiness rather than of literary mastery. Strange that Sorge and Péguy should have died thus, foes one to the other, and yet comrades on the great march toward charity!

Realization of this strangeness is possibly the finest gift which a reading of the memoir drawn up so simply by Susanna Sorge can give. Beyond that, there is the story of a poet who keeps the place divinely assigned, and of a soldier of sanctity. I do not believe that more than a half-dozen Catholic books written in this generation combine so much authentic greatness with so much touching inspiration.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Wholesome Food

Oat-Cakes and Sulphur, by James Leonard McGuire. Quebec: The Patrician Publishers. $1.50.

A YOUNG Canadian's rebellious impatience at the bewildering confusion of tongues professing to proclaim truth has led him to build his own platform of "facts" which, though it contains but four planks, he esteems spacious enough to warrant his invitation to all men to stand with him upon it.

"I want facts. I demand them as my right. I want to know if there is a personal God. If so there be, I want to know His will about me. . . . I want to know where I came from, where I am going, and how I should get there. I want something solid and immovable to stand on. . . . "

His objectives thus defined, the author proceeds in original, refreshing and persuasive fashion to elicit his answers to these challenging interrogations. He pushes his rapid questioning about the origin of the universe back to this reasonable answer: Without a Starter, nothing starts. The old argument from design for a supreme Intelligence behind the universe appears in a new dress. Indeed, much in Oat-Cakes and Sulphur is old philosophy in attractive modern garb. There is this challenge which the hustling crusaders of the Society for the Advancement of Atheism might with profit pause to consider:

"The few deniers of God are self-deceivers. I dare any of them to put aside his specialty for fifteen minutes. If he . . . will sit down alone, his simple, thinking, all-round self, he will come up short against God every way his mind will turn."

There is a tang of holy adventure and an unmistakable glimpse of the gaiety of a spiritual nature in the author's description of his visit with a young Irishman named Murphy to the famous Shrine of Saint Anne de Beaupré. He believes in miracles, not because of what he saw there but because of the fact that "they have taken place." And he cites cases, scriptural and modern.

To one for whom the factual evidence for the substantial correctness of both the Old and New Testaments is sufficiently abundant to compel belief, the spectacle of a frightened American fundamentalism flying to state legislatures for protection for the Bible from the onslaughts of science is very odd and hard to understand. In his treatment of evolution, the possibility of which, so far as the body of man is concerned, the author admits, the prudent will recognize a salutary warning against too hasty acceptance of scientific announcements; but he insists that the Bible can have nothing whatever to fear from the whole range of natural science.

Having marshalled his "facts" to establish the Divinity of Christ, the author enunciates the four supreme facts in his platform: God, His Revelation, His Christ, and, finally, to escape uncertainty, chaos and despair, authoritative interpretation. For, as he has said previously:

"Only one thing can give me certainty of the general and particular meaning of the Holy Scripture. That one thing is authoritative interpretation. . . . I search then for a body in whose possession history shows the sought-for thing most likely to be. If the treasure-unfolders in this body be united in what they unfold then my search is ended."

Though no mention is made anywhere in the book of the Catholic Church, the thinking reader cannot long avoid the conclusion that hers is the platform upon which massed men are invited to stand. The work is pleasingly done, though it is far from the sheer, cold, logical thesis the introductory chapter leads one to expect. Indeed, it burns at times with ardent apostrophes to the Deity, His world and His creatures. The style is vigorous, earnest and often beautiful, and the author is to be congratulated upon the lively and original manner in which he has served his maiden literary feast.

WILLLIAM RANDOLPH WALSH.

More Smoke than Flame

Chaucer, by George H. Cowling. $2.00; An Introduction to the Study of Blake, by Max Plowman. $2.50. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

TWO more popularizations are hereby offered to the American public. It is safe to say that only a master can deal in popularizations sucessfully; neither Mr. Plowman nor Mr. Cowling is a master in any sense of the word. Of the two books, Mr. Cowling's Chaucer is definitely the worse. I cannot conceive what was his purpose in writing the book; it is too full of materia philologica to be comprehensible to the layman, and it is far too elementary to be of the slightest use to the scholar. As an interpretive critic Mr. Cowling is guilty of such nonsense as this: "We must not be surprised if we meet with ideas of love and religion which seem to belong to a world of children, and a philosophy of life that ends before ours begins." It is "little more than this, that life is short, difficult and perplexing, and in this mortal coil the only conduct possible is bravely to face each eventuality as it comes, and to do the right and fitting thing." If our generation has achieved a better practical philosophy of life than this, I beg Mr. Cowling to show it me. The book is further marred by a prejudice against all things American, which is chiefly manifested in what Mr. Cowling omits: namely, all mention (except in a bibliography) of the work of Professors Childs, Kittredge, Lounsbury, et al.

Mr. Plowman's work on Blake is far better; to one who really wishes to get an understanding of the Prophetic Books, this study may be of some assistance. Any interpretation of William Blake's obscurities is bound in itself to be somewhat obscure. Mr. Plowman is not easy reading. As an example I submit the following: "God made duality that man might know the supreme joy of balance in the ecstasy of creation; but when vision fades and we eat in pride the fruits of vision, fancying that we have attained, we turn our joy to sorrow." I confess that I prefer my obscurity in the original; if interpretation cannot make the original clearer than this, it is not of much use to me. Of course, much of the book is less transcendental, and as I have said, may prove of use.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"I was brought up, my dear Britannicus, with the understanding that there were two subjects to be avoided in general conversation: politics and religion. Times seem to change not only our manners but our body of thoughts. It seems that the only way to keep a dinner party awake is to throw some of these prohibited questions on the table. I remember a few years ago, when sex was the ruling topic; at one dinner given by a prominent lady of the liberals, the men guests were ready to climb under the table as the feminist vocabulary was let loose, and terms usually confined to the text-books of medical and surgical students were laboriously sprinkled in the soup, over the meats and into the nuts and raisins. Fortunately the fad soon died out to the general relief, I am sure, of our generation."

"We never had stringent regulations regarding politics in the old country," remarked Britannicus. "In the Trollope novels and the Ouida romances, the handsome, elderly whip of his party sipped coffee and cognac and encouraged the dark-haired young secretary in love with the hostess's daughter. Party politics, the rising man, the questions of labor and finance, played a fantastic gamble around the tennis court or the billiard table, in a way never known in the best American circles. Here politics were conducted over a boss's cigar or a glass of beer; America was never able to acclimatize public affairs at its social gatherings."

"We are apparently on a different track regarding religious discussions," continued Angelicus. "I cannot sit over my newspaper for a moment in my club but I hear old gentlemen discussing pan-religious congresses, reformed prayer-books, or questions of Americanism and Catholicism, and usually in such a benighted manner that I am driven to retreat beyond a hearing distance so as to avoid the temptation to disrupt their parlous maunderings. Imagine grown-up people discussing a candidate's religion in his presentation for an American office in which there is a constitution to govern his actions and a Congress to make all the laws for him to apply! Even if the candidate were elected, what could he do, if he were stupid enough to inject his religious preferences into the government of such a country as our own? Will nobody stop to consider how ridiculous this question really becomes when reduced to reasonable consideration? Or are we so constituted in our partizanships that not only the purity of our citizenship is maligned but even our logic and experience in public affairs is classified as null and void by divergent critics?

"Last week at a dinner party, one of the lady leaders of Christian Science pronounced her distinct disapproval of the presence at the table of an adept of the wide-spread western cult of Unity. I did not dare to open a discussion regarding the differences of these two teaching bodies, but the atmosphere was not cleared even in the silence that was invoked to hold the dinner party together. One must be well-informed on religious history to emerge successfully from these socio-religious encounters.

"In this, the enormous necessity of some formulated religious intelligence becomes at once apparent, otherwise our embarrassed evasions will give rise to further intolerances in the minds of these busy inquirers into other people's souls. The naïve childishness that prevails regarding tenets, dogmas and Scripture among many people otherwise well-read and well-traveled is astonishing beyond bounds. Whether one accepts the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster Confession or the dogmas of the Catholic Church, it remains a matter of ordinary

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intelligence to know properly what they teach before indulging in this jargon that is becoming so fashionable, under the imported chasubles and copes, the rood screens and sanctuary lamps obtruding themselves into fashionable drawing-rooms, to the damage of good taste and propriety of uses. A rich vulgarian's home, furnished with bric-à-brac wrenched from old churches in Europe, Madonnas with their heads knocked off and saints of battered antiquity, is hardly an admirable display of home civilities and restful decorums. More instruction in these matters, my dear Britannicus, or less discussion, I should say."

"The only really safe subject that remains, my good Angelicus, is the theatre. One can always interest the lady from out of town, or the gouty cotton broker, in the latest play; and some admirable work has been done recently in resurrecting the old life of our primitive American stage. Percy Mackaye, in two heavy books, gave the broad experience among theatre-folk of his parents, Steele and Mrs. Mackaye. The picture of our early stage-folk is carefully delineated with a marked emphasis on Mackaye: a new book shortly to be published will be a life of Lotta Crabtree, and the pioneer stage of California and the West: this ought to give considerable light on a romantic career and very romantic conditions in the camps and settlements that are now our thriving centres beyond the Rocky Mountains.

"The recently deceased comedian, Eddie Foy, whose real name was Fitzgerald, left behind him an excellent volume of reminiscences entitled, Clowning through Life. It is a graphic story of the widow Fitzgerald and her family journeying westward on passes provided for them by Jim Fisk the day before he was shot down in the Broadway Central Hotel. The draft riots and Bowery boys are left behind for the honky-tonks or beer halls of Chicago, the gamblers, cowboys, dance-hall girls and bad men of Dodge City. 'They were not all as bad as their names,' the comedian tells us, 'I doubt whether "Shoot-'em-up Mike" or "Shoot-his-eye-out Jack" had ever killed a soul.'

"In the great panorama pass from Kansas City, Butte, Leadville and Denver to Tombstone, Arizona, Eddie Foy (and anybody who ever saw him on the stage will laugh to hear it) was always pining to be cast in the rôle of Hamlet. He never achieved this ambition, but those of us who enjoyed his fantastic comedy will always regret that he did not live to appear in one of our Shakespeare productions in modern dress and present one of the immortal comedies."

—The Librarian.

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